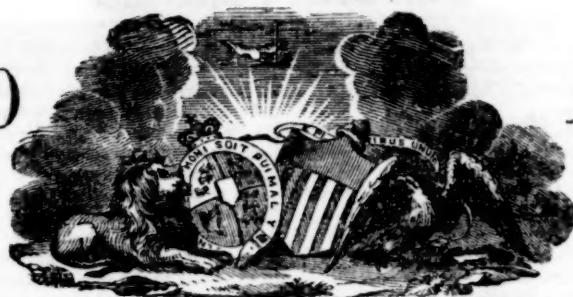


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## TO A TURKISH WOMAN AT HER HUSBAND'S GRAVE.

Mourner! what dost thou here! the evening hours  
Lingering and weeping by that sacred tomb,  
And crowning it with garlands; are those flowers,  
Which, when they fade, shall know no second bloom,  
An emblem of thy loss! For not as ours  
Thy future hope; but 'tis thy bitter doom  
That by thy husband's side amid the bowers  
Of Paradise for thee is found no room;  
For thee whose lips received his parting sigh,  
For thee who didst in Nature's hour of need  
Soothe the last pangs of mortal agony.  
But is this woman's faith? No; look and read  
How Nature rises up, and gives the lie  
To such a false and cruel-hearted creed!

## THE SONG OF STARVATION.

Ho! why should not I, the King Starvation,  
Be heard with the rest in "this great nation?"  
'Tis true, my wot is to work in quiet;  
Not talk of my doings and make a riot—  
When I go to meetings, 'tis not to speak,  
But to watch those creatures once strong and sleek,  
Who now, with lean bodies and lantern jaws,  
Follow hireling speakers on "Corn" and "Laws;"  
Or to laugh when some busy and witless fools  
Tell of what is done in their wretched schools;  
And I scream with derision till almost hoarse,  
When they talk of expelling me hence by force.  
No, here I shall stay—I shall no more roam;  
For never before felt I so at home.  
Yet be it not thought that I love not men;  
I love them above all human ken,  
As in bounden duty, for here of late  
I have been upheld in unwonted state.  
And though some talk of "expelling me hence,"  
I know it is nothing but mere pretence;  
And while ministers speak of "the nation's weal,"  
I wait and watch for my million meal;  
And should I devour a million more,  
I know there's another kept snug in store.  
Yet at times if I want a few thousand clowns,  
In comes a long bill "on the health of towns;"  
With heaps of remarks upon "water" and "wealth,"  
"Systems" and "sewers," and "bills of health."  
Bills of health! Why bills of starvation  
Would be fitter far for the English nation;  
For I drive a good traffic in human creatures;  
Not Negro flesh, but with fair bright features,  
A vigorous, strong, and muscular set.  
The finest I've had to contend with yet.  
But I'm taming their pride, and am paying off  
Old scores not forgotten, and many a scoff  
When they boasted I dared not approach their land,  
Yet I've got them now pretty tight in hand.  
They know me now, and shall know me better,  
In spite of "the House," or a long "Queen's letter."  
The House, its Committees and all is fudge,  
And do what they will there, I shall not budge.  
I stalk through the land in bright open day,  
And never a soul flies screaming away,  
As once when 'they saw my cadaverous features—  
But they know me now, the deluded creatures;  
And in crowded streets when I jostle by,  
And elbow the passers, and fix my eye  
On their pampered bodies, in vain reliance  
They fling me a look of contempt and defiance;  
They think, the poor fools, to escape my grip,  
As if I should once let my chosen slip.  
I come as a Conqueror now forsooth,  
Though none will acknowledge the hateful truth;  
And, tramp I the streets by day or by night,  
See plenty to gladden a victor's sight.  
I need but to visit the next-best alley,  
I'm sure to find there some Betty or Sally,  
With unearthly eyes, and hard boney fingers,  
Still working as long as life's spirit lingers.  
This clinging to life, it is wondrous strong:  
They clutch at existence, and strangely long  
To eke out their days, and to make life last,  
E'en while o'er their lips it is ebbing fast.  
I lately entered an Irish hovel,  
In hopes to witness a something novel;  
I had not believed it, had I been told,  
That man in my presence dared be so bold:  
A father crept up to his children's beds,

Not daring to look, he felt for their heads—  
'Twas a sight upon which my memory gloats—  
And drew his sharp razor across their throats:  
'Twas I who at last made him do the deed:  
We may always reap where we sow good seed.  
And look at the monuments raised to me,  
And telling of "glorious victory!"  
All far more in numbers, ten thousand fold,  
Than Paul's or the Abbey could ever hold!  
Such figures and groups, too, as beat, I trow,  
The Bishop of London's twopenny show.  
My monuments neither are made of stone,  
Though nearly as cold, but of skin and bone;  
And as to expression, you will not see  
The like but in those that are ment for me.  
Each limb seems to tell of the fainting strength  
That was borne up long, but has sunk at length;  
And the hopeless eyes speak of tamed despair,  
As they slowly fix in a dying stare.

For poet or painter, who had a mind  
To finish his studies of human kind,  
The scenes I could shew were above all price;  
But he mustn't be nervous, nor over-ice.  
He'd see under suffering, pain, and smart,  
That strangest of all things, the human heart;  
We see how perversely men will live on,  
When every joy in the world is gone.  
Throughout the world there's no city for me  
Like London in all its immensity,  
Where hollow-eyed Poverty stalks near Wealth  
In privileged freedom, and not by stealth,  
But bold, as its lacquey, in coloured suits,  
Its livery rags, and its skin for boots.  
Had artist but seen what I saw to-day,  
He'd made some good studies of life's decay.  
'Twas near a frequented and busy street,  
Where, tide-like, the thousands stream on and meet;  
The scene was a chamber, a den, so small,  
With nothing but four sides of barren wall.  
The group was a family, father, mother,  
With four little daughters and their young brother;  
Much cherished was he, and his mother seemed  
To hope still from death he might be redeemed.  
For spite of the hum, and the noise, and roar,  
She knew my step as I neared their door.  
She felt by her own fast-declining force  
All soon would be over; and from that source  
Whence, smiling, its lips had so often quaffed,  
She fain would have given a parting draught.  
The thought was a mad one, for—and she sighed—  
The spring was exhausted, the fountain dried.  
The husband, once muscular, now at length  
Lay vanquished, stretched out, in his faded strength.  
No longer he breathed, and the fool began weeping,  
Because o'er his body Death's chill was creeping,  
As though such a parting would be for long,  
Or just as if she were so mighty strong,  
And could hope to do much against me, Starvation,  
Though she battled, in truth, with a desperation,  
And roused herself up as I got near her,  
And shook me off as I nigh did fear her.  
But nature could no longer stand the bout;  
She felt I was master; so stretching out  
Her arms to her husband, who lay close by,  
With a look of despair, but a tearless eye,  
Sank dead on the earth, for they had no bed.—  
That was gone months ago to purchase bread.  
'Twas perhaps for her children that she did strive,  
Though useless the effort, to keep alive,  
For they one by one will all die this night,  
And lie stiff and stark in the morning light.  
Although not in triumph with life or drum,  
Yet no less as Conqueror do I come;  
The trumpet and cymbals I leave to those  
Who deem there is fame in such empty shows.  
Yet have I my music, but dull its tones,  
For sighs are the high notes, the deep ones groans;  
And these, never failing when I appear,  
Speak louder than trumpets, if men would hear.  
My claim to the title is one of Right,  
Supported, besides, by resistless Might.  
What conqueror ever, before I came,  
Did make by his nod a whole nation tame?  
Save Pestilence, none! There was ne'er another;  
And he, after all, is my own twin brother.  
The mighty are powerless if I wend  
My eye upon them, and bid them bend;

The strong quake to see my banner unfurled;  
I vanquish the victor of half a world;  
And when I approach with my giant stride,  
Soon humbled, I trow, is the rankest pride.

My deeds are unparalleled; there is none  
Could hope to compare with what I have done:  
And no where those deeds have such homage found  
As just in this country on British ground.  
In many a cottage my name is heard,  
In many a mouth you hear that one word,  
And all through the land men talk of me  
As they once talked of Nelson's great victory.

### BOOK-LOVE.

"Fine thoughts are wealth, for the right use of which  
Men are, and ought to be, accountable,—  
If not to Thee, to those they influence:  
Grant this, we pray Thee, and that all who read  
Or utter noble thoughts may make them theirs,  
And thank God for them, to the betterment  
Of their succeeding life"—BALLEY'S *Festus*.

CICERO calls a library "the soul of a house!" "Beside a library," says Professor Davis, "how poor are all the other greatest deeds of men! Look at that wall of motley calf-skin, open those slips of inked-rags—who would fancy them as valuable as the rows of stamped cloth in a warehouse? Yea Aladdin's lamp was a child's kaleidoscope in comparison. There the thoughts and deeds of the most efficient men during three thousands years are accumulated, and every one who will learn a few conventional signs—twenty-four (magic) letters—can pass at pleasure from Plato to Napoleon, from the Argonauts to the Affghans, from the woven mathematics of La Place to the mythology of Egypt and the lyrics of Burns."

Bacon compares books to ships, and says, "If ships are to be commended, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant participate in the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other." Plutarch tells us, with great quaintness, "that we ought to regard books as we do sweetmeats; not wholly to aim at the pleasantest, but chiefly to respect the wholesomest; not forbidding either, but approving the latter most." While Milton, in sublimer mood, calls a good book "the precious life blood of a master-spirit!" Seneca terms books "his friends;" and hints somewhere that we should be alike careful in choosing our most intimate companions. Certain it is that we make acquaintance with very many books in the course of our lives, and form close friendships with but few—those few, perhaps, exercising a secret and powerful influence over our future destinies. So that the old adage may be reserved, and changed into—"Tell me what books you read, and I will tell you what you are!"

"Of all priesthoods, aristocracies, and governing classes at present extant in the world," observes Carlyle, "there is no class comparable for importance to the priesthood of the writers of books!" And the good Jean Paul Richter evidently understood all the sacred responsibilities of that priesthood, when he tells us so simply, and yet with such a beautiful moral, that "Herder and Sculler both proposed to be surgeons in their youth. But Providence said No, there are deeper wounds than those of the body; and both became authors." "It is indeed," says Mrs. Child, "a blessed mission to write books which abate prejudices, unlock the human heart, and make the kindly sympathies flow freely." And oh, how pleasant to read such!

Book-love is a home feeling—a sweet bond of family union—and a never-failing source of domestic enjoyment. It sheds a charm over the quiet fireside, unlocks the hidden sympathies of human hearts, beguiles the weary hours of sickness or solitude, and unites kindred spirits in a sweet companionship of sentiment and idea. It sheds a gentle and humanising influence over its votaries, and woos even sorrow itself into a temporary forgetfulness.

Book-love is the good angel that keeps watch by the poor man's hearth, and hallows it; saving him from the temptations that lurk beyond its charmed circle; giving him new thoughts and noble aspirations, and lifting him, as it were, from the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation. The wife blesses it, as she sits smiling and sewing, alternately listening to her husband's voice, or hushing the child upon her knee. She blesses it for keeping him near her, and making him cheerful, and manly, and kind hearted,—albeit understanding little of what he reads, and reverencing it for that reason all the more in him.

Book-love is a magician! and carries us with one touch of its fairy wand whithersoever it will. We fling ourselves down in delicious abandonment, and are straightway transported in the far-off East—the land of our wildest day-dreams! We visit spots hallowed by Scripture and tradition—our hearts burn within us!—we join the slow caravan of the desert;—we toil—we thirst—we exult like Hagar, when God opened her eyes in the wilderness of Beersheba, and she beheld "a well of water!" We visit the pyramids of Egypt—we wander by the dark and sullen waters of the Dead Sea. Suddenly the spell changes—we are once again in Old England—England with its lakes and mountains—its quiet scenery—its sweet cottage-homes!—or La Belle France—the undiscovered plains of China—the sunny skies of Italy—or the frozen regions of the North Pole! We have only to express a wish and it is realised, and to choose our own companions among the gifted of the earth. A quiet "Day in the woods" with our favorite Miller—a country walk with Miss Mitford—or, are we in a wilder mood, a visit to Fairyland itself! There is nothing that this great magician, aided by his attendant sprites, cannot compass.

Book-love is also an artist. Where its glowing tints are true to nature it is impossible that they should ever fade or die out, and succeeding ages gaze upon them with an ever fresh delight. It is not only a portrait and landscape-painter, but can portray the mind as well as the features, and that with such admirable and life-like distinctness that the sketch may be recognised in an instant. The most highly finished and carefully worked-up productions of this wonderful artist are called "Biographies." "Poetry," it has been beautifully said, "can paint whole galleries in a page, while her sister, Art, requires heaps of canvass to render a few of her poems visible." Spenser was a great painter; while the terrific grandeur of some of Milton's conceptions is inimitable Crabbe took his sketches from rural life. Keats has left us some sweet cabinet pictures, full of high promise. Byron, whose productions have been, perhaps, more copied and admired than those of any other artist, drew with great power and freedom, but his colours want subduing and softening down. Wordsworth paints entirely from nature, and has established a school of his own. There remains a long list of artists now living, whom we could easily name; but enough has been said to illustrate this part of our subject.

Book-love is a physician! and has many a healing balm to relieve, even where it cannot cure, the weary sickness of mind and body—many a powerful opiate to soothe us into a sweet and temporary forgetfulness. In cases of lingering convalescence, its aid is invaluable. Great watchfulness is, however, necessary with regard to the purchase of the afore-said medicine, for the want of which, a slow or subtle poison has not unfrequently been administered. Unfortunately there is no law to forbid the makers and venders of such dangerous compounds from suffering them to go forth into the world without some such caution to the heedless and unwary, as men think proper to observe with regard to the sale of arsenic and other destructive ingredients—not half so much to be dreaded as the poison to which we have alluded.

Book-love is a preacher! Our hearts melt beneath its calm and gentle teachings—so still, so voiceless, so replete with wisdom! It tells us truths that we could not bear to hear from living lips. It pleads and wrestles with our prejudices and infirmities. It beguiles us of tears that have little of sorrow in them, and anon makes us smile amid our weeping. It leads us to the "Book of Life;" and, under the illumination of the Holy Spirit, becomes our guide, not only in the wilderness of the world, but through the dark valley of the Shadow of Death!

There is a strange, sometimes a sad, pleasure in recalling the loves of our youthful days.

"Merry books, once read for pastime,  
If ye dared to read again,  
Only memories of the last time  
Would swim darkly up the brain."

'Robinson Crusoe,' unrepresentable as he now appears in his rough and shaggy coat of skins, was one of our first loves! How our hearts thrilled within us when he discovered the prints of naked feet in the yellow sand! Then there was 'Paul and Virginia,' so exquisitely simple—so sweetly plaintive, that it was a luxury to weep. The 'Arabian Nights,' full of the wild and wonderful, even to weariness—but, somehow, we never grew weary in those days. 'Griselda'—not the Griselda or the German dramatist, Friedrich Haim, so ably translated by Q. E. D.—but our own English 'Griselda'—the ideal of patient womanhood.

"Willing to suffer, droop, and die,  
Do all things—but *resent!*"

When we are young we enjoy; and it is only in after years that we begin to analyse. The story of 'Griselda' is, no doubt, exaggerated in conception and details; but it is true to nature—woman's nature more especially. Few are called upon for such singular demonstrations of a lowly and loving obedience; but there are many Griseldas in the world nevertheless—as patient, as devoted, as self-sacrificing; bearing each her burthen of trials, diversified only by time and circumstances, with the same meek, forgiving spirit. The strong love in Griselda's heart cast out all pride; and the beautiful moral of this most touching history is wholly lost in the German version.

But we must not omit our chief favourite—everybody's favourite—'The Pilgrim's Progress.' We have somewhere read a charming story of a little child who knew nothing of allegory, and, taking it all for reality, actually commenced her pilgrimage through the wicket-gate in her father's grounds. How natural that was! We love to think of the many weary and yet happy pilgrims still travelling homeward even to this day. 'The Trials of Margaret Lindsay' stands last but not least on our list, valued for its quiet pathos and deep religious feeling, as well as for the sake of one whose gift it was. Many and various are the several links in the golden chain of memory and association.

We have known Book-love to be independent of the author, and lurk in a few charmed words traced upon the title-page by a once familiar hand—words of affectionate remembrance, rendered it may be, by change and bereavement, inexpressibly dear! Flowers in books are a sweet sign, and there is a moral in their very withering. Pencil-marks in books frequently recall scenes, and sentiments, and epochs in young lives that never come again. The faint line portrays passages that struck us years ago with their mournful beauty, and have since passed into a prophecy. Thoughts and dreams that seem like a mockery now are thus shadowed out. But memory's leaves are not all blank, or tear-stained, but interwoven, thank God, with many a bright page. Pencil marks in books have sweet as well as sad recollections connected with them. We point them out to one another, and call to mind particular periods in our past lives. They also serve to register the change that has gradually and imperceptibly stolen over our own thoughts and feelings.

There are some books which forcibly recall calm and tranquil scenes of bygone happiness. We hear again the gentle tones of a once familiar voice long since hushed. We can remember the very passage where the reader paused awhile to play the critic, or where that eloquent voice suddenly faltered, and we all laughed to find ourselves weeping, and were sorry when the tale or the poem came to an end. Books read for the first time at some particular place or period of our existence may thus become hallowed for evermore, or we love them because others loved them also in bygone days.

Posthumous works are the very saddest of all books. They are too sacred for blame, and come too late for praise. We were once called upon to edit and complete the unfinished manuscripts, of a late celebrated writer. The stern realities of death had broken suddenly in upon the fictitious joys and sorrows of a beautiful romance, snapping asunder the subtle chain of thought, and leaving it like the recorded fragment of a dream. It was a mournful task, but not without its moral.

But what shall we say of the author's own book—the embodied ideal that has haunted him from his youth upwards, realised at length in a tangible form—the altar upon which he has poured out the richest treasures of his intellect—the great poem of his life!—a spirit self-created by the power of his own genius, and sent forth on a mission of good or evil to his fellow men, and whose influence must survive his own! The author gives his volume of thoughts to the world, but retains the key for himself. No one else may ever trace the faint line of demarcation between truth and fiction, imagination and experience—the passages that were written in tears, or the scenes and events which gave rise to them. Scarcely a page or a chapter but has its memories for him. Or it may serve to recall the wild dreamings of youthful ambition—talents wasted, misdirected, or buried in the earth, awakening a vain lament for the "might have been!"

Books written by those with whom it has been our happy privilege to dwell in close companionship and sweet interchange of sentiment and idea are exceedingly precious. In reading them, we converse, as it were, with the author in his happiest mood, recognise the rare eloquence to which we have often sat and listened spell-bound, and feel proud to find our affectionate and reverential homage confirmed by the unanimous plaudits of the world. The golden key, before mentioned, has been given into our keeping, and we unlock at will the sacred and hidden recesses of Genius and association.



Book-love, in its simplest and holiest form, may occasionally be met with in quiet country places, more especially in Scotland; and clinging about things well worthy of its deepest reverence. We can remember a poor old woman who, with little romance but much right feeling, would never suffer any thing to be placed upon her Bible, except, perhaps, a flower. And this is by no means an uncommon instance. The Bible is the treasure of the poor, the light and ornament of their humble dwellings. Thanks be to God, it is a treasure within the reach of the very poorest!

Years ago, there stood a little cottage situated in the most beautiful part of Wiltshire,—the inmates of which knew us well. It could boast of no furniture beyond a table and a few wooden chairs; but the old family Bible, with its green baize cover, lay on that table, and its owner would often say that she wanted nothing else. One long, hard, winter, we missed it from its accustomed place; during the weary months of sickness that succeeded, it was ever by the bedside or on the pillow of the meek and patient sufferer, who fell asleep at length with the bright smiles of faith upon her countenance, and her pale finger still resting on one of its most beautiful promises. Many a summer flower has bloomed and withered upon her lowly and nameless grave in the village church-yard; but the Bible lies in its old place, and has succeeded in soothing and blessing the survivors. "I was sadly cast down at one time," said her eldest daughter, and the sole support of the bereaved family for many years. "My burden was greater than I could bear, until I opened my Bible, and it seemed as though my dear mother still pointed out where my only strength lay. It was the hand of God!" Her eyes were bent down reverently upon the volume before her; and we felt that the Book-love in that young heart was a sacred and hallowed thing.

It was Book-love in its highest and sublimest sense, that caused the English Bible at the time of the Reformation to be everywhere received with an ecstasy of joy wholly incredible save to those witnessed it. Many learned to read in their old age, that they might have the pleasure of instructing themselves from its inspired pages. Apprentices kept it hidden under the straw of their beds; and the most delicate maidens were ready to part with life itself rather than yield up this precious treasure. In the dead of night it was brought from its place of concealment, beneath floors or from behind secret panels, and read aloud while all listened in breathless attention. With the Bible in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other to guard them, persecuted Christians met at strange hours in woods and glens, beneath the blue sky and the bright stars of Heaven. We are told by the author of *Cranmer's Life and Times*, "that very frequently, when the services of the Sabbath were over,—and these were generally prolonged until sunset,—a group collected to hear the Bible read in the churchyard, seating themselves on the mossy stones, or the mounds covered with fresh grass, to listen to those solemn and beautiful words—"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live!" But we are soaring far above our subject, and feel that we want a new name for the strong love implanted by God himself in the hearts of the saints and martyrs of old times.

A Hymn-book may also become an object of affectionate veneration, even in old age. Hymns are the first things we learn, and generally the last to be forgotten. They bring back memories of our innocent childhood, and we weep with Hood to find ourselves further off from Heaven than we were then. They recall the death-beds of little children, or those of riper age, to whom those sweet hymns used to be as "songs in the night," and who are singing now in Heaven! We have an old hymn book which we would not part with for its weight in gold! so bright and golden are the recollections interwoven with its solemn and sacred melodies.

Neither must we forget to mention, in connexion with this part of our subject, the Prayer-book, which we once thought it such an honour to be permitted to carry, and looked upon with a loving reverence that years have had no power to abate. But the bright binding and the gilded leaves have become tarnished and time-stained—ay, and tear-stained—since then. The sweet voice is hushed that mingled with ours in prayer and psalm. God forgive us if we sometimes forget to pray in listening to its gentle responses; for every Prayer-book has its associations.

Leigh Hunt tells us, that his love of books is so great, that he has "a fond custom of writing upon one in preference to a desk, although he begs to say, for dignity's sake he has a desk!" and observes, with great truth, that "it is not at all necessary to love many books in order to love them much. How natural it was," writes he, "in C. L. to give a kiss to an old folio, as I once saw him do to Chapman's *Homer*." Yes it was, very natural! And we have done the same thing ourselves before now—only not to Chapman's *Homer*.

Petrarch died with his head resting on a book; and many have envied him a death so much in unison with his poetical and romance-loving life. For ourselves, dearly as we like books, and romance too, for the matter of that, there is but one on which we desire to lean at such an hour; and, resting on its sweet promises of redeeming grace, so pass away in peace! The poor woman, in her little cottage in Wiltshire, was more to be envied than the great Italian poet, much as there has been said and sung about the latter. And this brings us back to Seneca and our old hypothesis—that Book-love, like all other love, is capable of exercising a deep and lasting influence over the minds of its votaries, either for good or evil; and that it behooves us to be very careful in the selection of those who are to be the companions of our solitary hours, and the silent modellers of our future thoughts and lives.

Book-love is the spirit of hearth and homestead! the great agent of civilisation and refinement, or, as we have elsewhere endeavoured to shew—an enchanter!—an artist!—a physician!—and a preacher! Its ministers are "a glorious priesthood!"—its worshippers a countless multitude of all ages and countries. Here and there false teachers have risen up, and clouds of bewildering sophistry and error are ever darkening and sweeping over its clear hemisphere; and it is for this reason that we would have all upon their guard lest they should be tempted to make shipwreck of this most sweet faith.

"A blessing," writes Harriet Martineau, "upon all writers of voyages and travel!" A blessing, say we, upon Book-love, and Book-lovers, and Book-writers, all over the world!—so that their aim be the good, the beautiful, and the true!

## THE OLD JUDGE; OR LIFE IN A COLONY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF SAM SLICK THE CLOCKMAKER.

### THE KEEPING ROOM OF AN INN; OR A LONG NIGHT AND A LONG STORY.

Soon after the last story of "Seeing the Devil," with which Miss Lucy expressed herself so much dissatisfied, the company separated for the night. The storm still raged with unabated fury, and the prospect of its continuance for

another day quite exhausted the patience of Mr. Richardson. He stretched out both his legs and his arms, and expanded his jaws to their fullest extent, and proclaimed the day to have been the most tiresome he had ever spent in his life.

"I never saw one that was too long to home," he said, "for I can always find enough to do. Fine days, stormy days, and rainy days are all alike to me. Out doors or in doors, a body needn't be idle; but away from home, with your head like horned cattle, fastened in the stanchels, a chewing of the cud, or sitting before the fire, a working as hard as you can, turning one thumb over the other, is dull music. It makes a slow day of it, and this has been 'about the longest I ever passed; though after all, it aint to be named with an endless night I once spent. It was longer than you, Broadcloth, who are only five feet nothin,' and something beyond me, who am six feet and a considerable piece to spare; and before we part I will tell you how and when it was."

"In the fall of 1820, I think it was, when I lived to the head of Bear River, I took a notion into my head one day to go out a moose calling; so I strapped on my powder horn and shot bag, and put some balls into my pocket, and took a trifle to eat with me, and sot off alone into the woods. Well, first I visited one moose ground and then another, and I never see them so scarce in all my life; and, at last, by the end of the third day, I got off ever so far from home away to the southward, and my provisions got out, and I couldn't see bird nor beast nor anything to feed on, and I was almost starved, that's a fact. Says I to myself, 'Shall I go back while I am able or shall I hold on and trust luck?' and seeing that I never failed yet, I thought I wouldn't give in, but persevere; so I drew my belt tighter round my stomach, which was pretty empty I assure you, and pushed on to a place where I thought I couldn't fail to find moose; and, all I had to feed upon, after the second morning, was the inside bark and juice and scrapings of wild poplars. In the spring a body might live on it for a week, I do suppose; but in the fall its kind of dry and stringy, and hard fare, you may depend. At last, night came, and I began to call the moose again."

"This is the way, stranger," he said, "addressing me, 'you fold up a piece of birch bark like a short speaking trumpet, as I fold this paper, and then go like the voice of the cow moose—this fashion:'" and he uttered some extraordinary lowings, which Miss Lucy pronounced very horrid and disagreeable, but which Barclay and others eulogised as capital imitations; "and then," he said, "if there is a herd in the neighborhood, one or more of the leaders are sure to answer it, and come to the spot where the sound rises. Well, I had been at this sport so long, and been out of food such a length of time, I was quite weak and hardly able to call; but, howsomever, call I did; and bimeby I heard a great whapping fellow come thrashing and crashing and rearing and tearing, along through the trees as easy as if he was moving through tall grass, and I was getting ready to have a shot at him, as soon as he stood still to blow and snort, and listen again, or as he passed on, when the first thing I knew was he went right slap over me and trod me under foot, knocking the wind out of me, and nearly breaking every rib in my body. Thinks I to myself what under the sun shall I do now? I'm c'en most starved to death; every created thing seems to keep out of my way except one, and that one wants to teach me to keep out of his; and if I aint starved, I aint quite sure that I aint bruised to death. Just then I heard an owl hoot, and although they aint very good to eat at no time, they are better than nothin' to a starving man. So I lay down on my back, and began to inveigle him; for I have been so much in the woods, I can imitate every sound that's in them—when looking up, what should I see but a pair of bright eyes in the tree above me, and I let slip and down came a porcupine. What a godsend was that! didn't he get out of his jacket and trowsers in double quick time! There never was a gentleman got a good warm fire made up for himself at such short notice, I know; and didn't raw fat meat taste, for the first time, better than that that's well done. After that I lay down and took a nap and gin up the moose hunt and mended next day to start for a cross road that I expected to reach by night, where I knew a settler, one Increase Card lived, and where I could put up and refresh a bit. Well, when morning came t sot off, and as is always the case in the world, when you don't care a morsel about things, you can have lots of them—and when you do you can't get them for love nor money. So the next day, I shot partridges for my breakfast, and partridges for my dinner, and let other fellows run, as sodger officers do deserters, without looking arter them; and, when I least expected it, came all of a sudden on a moose, and shot him jest as I reached the road."

"About 7 o'clock, not very long after sundown, I came to the house of Increase Card, leg-weary, foot-sore, and near about beat out."

"Crease," said I, "my boy, how are you? I never was so glad to see any one afore in all my life, for I'm all but used up. Have you got a drop of rum in the house?"

"Yes," says he, "I have," and pulling out a large stone bottle from his closet—

"Here's a little," says he, "wait till I get you some water."

"I guess I wo'nt spoil two good things," says I, and I poured out half a tumbler of the naked truth, and drank it off like wink. "Now," says I, "one good turn deserves another. I'll take a glass of water if you choose, for I always like to see the quality go first."

Well we sot by the fire and talked over farming, and crops, and politics, and what not, and cooked some moose steaks, and eat and cooked, and cooked and eat, as fast as contract work and then went to bed. But afore I left the room, Increase said,—

"Steve," says he, "Miss Card, my wife, and the little ones, are gone to Capersues to see her father Captain Salmon. I am going after them afore day tomorrow, to fetch them back in the waggon. Do you just help yourself in the morning to whatever you want, and rake up the fire carefully, and put the house key under the step of the door."

"Why, Crease," said I, "was your wife a Salmon? I never knowed that afore."

"Yes," says he, "one of the Salmons of Tusket, old Captain Noah's daughter."

"You showed your sense," says I, "they are the best fish going, and I see you know how to manage her, too. You have given her the line, let her run off the whole length of it, and are now reeling of her up, and agoing to slip a landing net under her, bag her, and fetch her home. It's the only way with women and fish. If you snub 'em too short, they spring and flounce, like the devil—tangle the line or break it, and race right off. You war'nt born yesterday, I see. How many young salmon trout have you?"

"Two," says he.

"Ah," said I, "your name is a capital bait to a coasting hook."

"How?" said he.

"Why Increase," says I; it's a great name that."

"What a droll fellow you be," said he laughing; "you aint a bit altered, for



you always was a funny man ever since I knowed you;" and then taking up a quart bottle with a candle stuck in it,—

"Follow me," he said, "and I'll show you where to sleep."

"Stop," said I, "Crease, don't be in such a pucker of a hurry; just have out that stone jug again, that's a good fellow, will you? that I may drink Miss Kitty, your wife's health before I go."

"Sartainly," said he, "and I ax your pardon for not offerin it agin to you; but the fact is, I raily forgot; for, to tell you the truth, I never take any myself."

"Neither do I," says I, "in a general way, when I'm to home, for it's a bad habit and a bad example to the boys, unless I'm shocking dry, as I am just now, but somehow or other, I consait my wife uses too much salt both in curing her hams and corning her beef; and I often tell her so, though she won't hear to it, for I'm always awful dry afore dinner. Well, I poured out a rail good nip, and then holding it up, "Crease Card," says I, "here's Miss Kitty's your wife's health, and the same to you, and wishing you may have a strong hand of cards, all trumps and all honors. Now make haste and I'll follow in your trail; for I feel as strong as a bull moose amost."

"Well, he took me into a room that had a carpenter's work bench in it, and tools and shavings, and boards and what not; and then passed into a place that had been a porch, and then into a nice, snug, tidy bedroom; and putting down his ready made candlestick on a table, he bid me good night and then went off to his own room. Well, I takes two chairs and puts them to the bottom of the stretcher, and hauls out the bed two foot or more—for no bedstead in a general way is long enough for me, and it aint pleasant to have your legs a dangling out of bed—and then I turned in, took a good stretch out, and was asleep in no time. Well, being in no hurry and not intending to get up early, I took a good long sleep; and when I woke up I shoved out first one leg and then the other, to prove all was right in those distant parts; and then I drew a long breath to try if the ribs was in the right place to home, after the tramp-ling and kicking of that are confounded moose; and then I rubbed my eyes, and found that it was still dark, so I turned round again, and took another famous nap. "Now," says I to myself "it's time to be a stirring; and I sot up in bed and looked and looked, and all was as dark as ink. "Steve," says I "you are getting old, you may depend. Oncest upon a time you used to do your sleep into one long parcel, but now you are so tired you don't rest sound, and have to content yourself with a piece at a time;—it aint day yet, try it again." Well, I tossed and turned, and rolled about ever so long, and at last I snoozed away again, and when that was over I up and out of bed, and felt for the window, and looked out, for it was as dark as Egypt; and, then, I put a hand to each cheek, agin the glass, and nearly flattened my nose agin the pane, and stared and stared, but there wan't a star or the least streak of light to be seen; so back I went to bed agin, but I couldnt sleep—no how I could work it; I had had enough, or was too tired; but I don't like to give in, till I can't help myself, so I began to count one two three four, up to a hundred, and then back again, one two three four, and so on—but it was no go. Then I fancied I was driving a flock of sheep over a notch in the fence, one by one; and when two got over the fence at oncest, I'd drive one of them back and begin agin; but it didnt confuse me to sleep; and then I tried a rhyme—

"I wish I had a load of poles

To fence my garden round,

The pigs they do break in and root,

And all my sarce confound."

And then I chased a little black boar round and round the garden walks, till I grew dizzy, and slipped off into a good solid nap. Well, when this was over, I looked up and still all was as dark as ever, and I got more tired of the bed than of the three day's moose hunt; so, thinks I, I'll get up and go to the keeping room and light my pipe, and wait for daybreak;—but this is a most mortal long night, that's certain; or perhaps I've got cold and can't see out of my eyes. Well, that idea did startle me, you may depend; so I went to the window agin, and looked through as hard as I could, till I strained my peepers out amost, but no daybreak was there. "Perhaps it's a heavy land fog," says I; so I lifted the sash and just as I was popping my head out, I got a crack over the pate that actually made the fire fly out of my eyes. "Hallo!" says I, "what in natur is all this?—let me think about it—Where am I?—Am I in Increase Card's house?—What ails me that I cannot sleep?—or am I buried by an earthquake?—or has the sun forgot to get up this morning?—or what in the world is to pay now?—I'll try the door." Well, I opened the door, and felt along out to the porch, and along the wall to the house door, when the light fell on me, all of a sudden, so dazzling bright, it nearly blinded me, and made me wink like an owl. It was two o'clock in the day, at least, and the sun shining away as clear and as hot as iron melted to a white heat. The fact is, Increase had built an addition to his house, and had lathed and plastered outside of the windows, and hadnt yet cut out fresh places in the end of the room for them, and it was agin this new wall that I knocked my head. Well, I didnt know whether to be mad or laugh; but I didnt see I had any one to be mad at but myself, and as I never laugh except at other folks, I didnt do neither the one nor the other, but struck a light, went into the dark room, dressed myself, returned and made a most royal dinner and breakfast all in one, shouldered a haunch of venison and started for the settlements. That was a most—a particular long night, and was more than a match for all this tremendous long day."

On the second morning, although the wind had subsided, it still snowed fast and heavily at intervals, but Barclay foretold the entire cessation of the storm in the course of the afternoon. Having taken an early dinner as on the preceding day, we again adjourned to the keeping room about three o'clock, for the purpose of listening to the various anecdotes and stories told by the company, which are so illustrative of the habits and tastes of the people. The conversation for some time after we joined the party was desultory, and not worth recording; all, however, agreed, that the opening in the clouds which disclosed a patch of blue sky in the west was the forerunner of a fine evening, which had a visible effect on the countenance and spirits of every body. One of the passengers of the stage sleigh, who it afterwards appeared, belonged to the commissariat department, at Halifax, called Miss Lucy on one side, and earnestly pressed some request upon her, that I did not distinctly hear, to which she objected that it was rather late and the roads impassable. I heard something however, about taking the open fields and a violin, which seemed to convince her, for she went to the kitchen and gave orders that appeared to meet with remonstrance, but which was effectually silenced by the young lady's raising her voice, and saying, "Just you go and do as you are told now, and no nonsense;" and shortly afterwards I heard a sleigh with its merry bells leave the house. As soon as she had resumed her seat, she asked a stranger, who sat next to her, either to sing a song or tell a story, and upon his choosing the latter enquired whether he knew a good ghost story.

"No," he replied, I have never seen a ghost; but I'll tell you what I have seen—something much worse lately."

"Worse than a ghost?" she replied; "what in the world can that be; Come, do tell us—I like such stories horribly. What was it?"

"I was attacked by a pack of wolves, last week."

"Wolves!" exclaimed the young lady; "how shocking! what a dreadful thing it is, that they have found their way here! Where under the sun do you suppose they came from? for, father says, none were ever seen in this province, till last year; and he don't more than half believe there are any here now."

"Nor I either," said Stephen; "nor never will till I see the marks of some of them."

"The first I ever heard of the wolves Miss Lucy," replied the stranger, "was at Fredericton, in the next province. About three years ago, the inhabitants were very much astonished at finding large herds of deer in the woods, of a species never seen in the country before, and only met with in the very northern part of Canada; but the cause was soon apparent in the great number of wolves that began to infest the forest at the same time, and who had evidently driven these animals before them, and hunted them across that vast wilderness. Several packs of wolves last year were known to have crossed the narrow isthmus that connects New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and having once established themselves here, I fear we never shall get rid of them unless the Legislature offers a large bounty to the Indians for their destruction. It is the Canada wolf, and from being better fed, is, in my opinion, a larger animal than the Spanish."

"Did one of them ever give you a nip?" said Mr. Richardson, "as Judge Beller did me? Heavens and earth! talk of a wolf's teeth,—its nothing to the jaw of an old judge. Did any of them bite you?"

"No," he said, "I am happy to say they did not."

"Well, that's a pity, too," remarked Stephen; "because, if one of them had taken you by the nape of the neck, and just let his teeth meet through it, you'd have had the marks, do you see; and it's a great satisfaction, that, when folks don't believe you. I wish one of them had given you the mark of mouth: I should like to see how they write their name."

"Thank you," said the other; "I was not so fortunate, it appears, as you were."

"They tell me," said Stephen, "if you stoop down, put your head between your knees, and look backwards to a wolf, or a bear or a tiger, or what not, nothing in the world dare face it. It will scare the devil, will a man's face turned upside down. Particularly if you can go like a horn; for music is what they can't stand any how! See, this is the way," and he suited the action to the word, put himself in the extraordinary attitude, and made a capital imitation of the sound of a conch shell, as blown at all the farm houses in the country, to call the people who are in the fields home to dinner. The third rehearsal was followed by just such another yell as he describes himself to have uttered when the ghost seized him by the neck; so loud, so clear, and so appalling, that it was evident that it was not designed as an imitation, but as a manifestation of fear, or of pain. In a moment we were all upon our feet, and really the sight was a most alarming one. A little bull terrier of old Neal's that lay under the table seeing this extraordinary being intruding upon his dominion, and defying him to combat, accepted the challenge, and seized him by the nose, and it was not without great difficulty he was choked from the room. Stephen was badly cut, but not dangerously, and he bore it like a man. After order was a little restored, Miss Lucy said,—

"Now, Mr. Richardson, you have obtained your wish. You have got the mark of truth stamped upon you a second time. Your veracity is engraved on both sides. Suppose the gentleman tells us the story of the wolves."

"Oh, them cursed bull dogs!" said Stephen, whose voice was nearly stifled by a wet cloth held to his nose; those bull dogs are an exception to all rules. They aint afraid of man nor devil: but I'll bet my life on that trick, if it was tried on a wolf. But come stranger let us hear the story of the wolves. I hope it is a good one, and that you will tell it well, and then I won't think so much of this nip on the nose."

"Last Monday week," said the stranger, "I left Halifax, in a sleigh, with a young friend of mine, for the wilderness beyond Mosquedoboit, for the purpose of hunting the moose and cariboo deer. We took our provisions, blankets, guns, and ammunition with us; and having met an Indian (Joe Cope) by appointment at the Thirty Mile Inn, we left our horse and sleigh there, and divided our equipments into three parcels; my friend and myself carrying the lighter packs strapped in the shape of knapsacks on our shoulders, and the Indian carrying the guns and heavy luggage. As the days were short at this season of the year, we only proceeded ten miles further, and halted at the log house of a settler, whose clearings are the last to be seen in that direction."

"You don't mean to say you walked ten whole miles in one day, do you?" said Stephen. "Why, that was an awful stretch for a hunter. Didn't you feel tired, old seven leaguer?"

"Here we spent the night," continued the stranger, "and were most hospitably received, and abundantly provided with a substantial and excellent supper—"

"Gad, you needed it," interposed Stephen, "after such an everlasting long tramp."

"And in the evening we sat around the fire and narrated stories as we are now doing."

"I hope they were better ones," said Stephen, "than this yarn."

"People who live in the woods keep good hours; and as we intended to start a little before the dawn of day, we had every disposition to follow their example, and retire early to rest. In our hamper of provisions was a bottle of brandy; and before I went to bed I offered some to the family; but they declined, saying they never drank any kind of ardent spirits. The Indian had no such scruples, and took off his glass with great apparent relish, observing that the strong water was very good. The settler remarked, that though none of his family used any thing of the sort, there was an old seamstress or school-marm, in the house, who did, when she could get it—which was very seldom—"

"Poor old cutter!" said Stephen.

"And begged me to give her a little when she came in. Accordingly, when Aunt, as she was called, made her appearance, I offered her some of the creature comfort, which she accepted with apparent hesitation."

"As gals do kisses," said Stephen; for which indecent interruption he was severely rebuked by Miss Lucy, and positively ordered either to be quiet or to leave the room."

"The old lady made many previous inquiries about its strength, and ex-



pressed great fears as to its effect on her head. Her relish, however, notwithstanding her apprehensions, was not less than that of the Indian.

"I'll answer for it," said Stephen, "she made awful wry faces, and shook her head, and hissed through her teeth like a goose after it slipped down, as much as to say, 'Don't think I like it, or am used to it, for it's as hot as fire!'"

"We now separated for the night, each one retiring to his bed, except the Indian, who made up the fire, and, stretching himself out on the hearth, was asleep almost before his limbs had settled into their place. In the morning, Joe Cope called us before the break of day, our traps were again packed, and we took a hasty breakfast, and entered the forest. While putting up the things, I observed that the brandy-bottle was nearly empty, and blamed myself for having left it within reach of an Indian, whose thirst is generally insatiable. After the cold exposure and fatigue of a day's hunting, a little brandy is a great restorative."

"Lord bless you," said Stephen, "it wouldn't hurt you at no time!"

"And such a sensible diminution of the stock I felt to be an irreparable loss; but it was done, and it was no use to commence our excursion with scolding; so I swallowed the disappointment instead of the brandy, and proceeded."

"About as bad a swap as you ever made in all your life!" added Stephen.

"After travelling some two or three miles, Mr. Joe Cope, who had never spoken a word since we left the house (for Indians seldom talk when travelling), asked me abruptly if I had missed any brandy. I replied I had observed that the bottle was not so full as I expected it."

"Ah," said he, "sarten white woman very fond of big drink!"

"What do you mean by that?" I inquired.

"Why," said Joe, "Indians, you know, always sleep with one ear open, and when that goes to sleep t'other one opens. Well, last night, maybe twelve o'clock, I hear door move softly; open ear wakes t'other ear, and I listened. Well, old Auntie come out and look all round the room, then stop, then come where Joe was, look all over him, and see Joe fast asleep, then she go to table, and pour out one very big drink, holdin' breath good spell while going down throat easy, then give one long soft blow, all same as puff of smoke, which mean, very good dat brandy—feel all over—good. Then she go softly back, gettun in bed, but no fasten door. Auntie no afraid of Indians scalp her that night, so she leave door just so, putting his two hands together, but not allowing them to touch each other. 'Well, about four, maybe, this morning, Auntie comes agin, walkin' on toe, take another very big suck at bottle, walkin' back on heel though that time, very heavy—clump, clump, clump—and shut up door bang, and go in bed agin very heavy, all same as one lump. Sarten white woman very fond of big drink!" said Joe."

"I say, stranger," said Mr. Stephen Richardson, with a very snuffling intonation of voice, "I thought you was a-goin' to tell us of the wolves. What's that old woman taking your brandy got to do with it?"

"That was a very fatiguing day. We walked with our loads twenty-two miles into the close forest, and then we came to a barren, which, though only three miles wide, where we emerged, stretched away to the right as far as we could see. I proposed encamping for the night at the edge of this open plain, so that we might avail ourselves of the shelter, and commence our hunt in the morning, as the Indian told us we were certain of meeting with the moose and cariboo on its skirts, in consequence of the herbage to be found under the snow in certain wild meadows it contained. But Joe, with his usual sagacity, said we were to windward, that our fire would certainly be scented by the deer and we should find them too wild to be approached, and advised us to cross over to the other side before we bivouacked."

"Why, in course," said Stephen, "it stands to reason: any fool knows you can't throw hot ashes to windward without hurting your eyes."

"We pushed across the plain, therefore, with what speed we could. The tracks of wild animals now became very numerous. Those of the moose, cariboo, wild-cat, loup cervier, foxes, and wolves even, were plainly distinguishable on the fresh snow."

"Why, man alive!" said Stephen, "did you expect to see the tracks of tame animals there?"

"The latter I had never seen," continued the stranger, "for, as I have before observed, they had only arrived in the province about two years. When we had advanced to within a short distance of the opposite side, a herd of cariboo suddenly turned the wooded promontory before us, and passed to the left in a smart trot."

"Take the leader," said the Indian, handing me a gun. "Be cool, and take steady aim; and if he wounds him, addressing my companion, and giving him the other gun, 'do you fire at the same one, or you may wound two, and get neither.'"

"Following his instructions, I took deliberate aim at the first of the file, and brought him down; but he was almost immediately up and in motion again, when my friend fired and killed him. It was a fine fat buck; but the Indian gave us but little time for examination or exultation. He urged us to seek the cover immediately and encamp for the night, as the day was now far spent, and darkness fast approaching, and promised to return himself forthwith and secure the haunches. We accordingly pushed on, forgetful of all fatigue, and in a few minutes the axe was at work in erecting a temporary shelter, and in preparing firewood for the night."

"Who in the world ever heard of using an axe, and making a fire right among deer?" said Stephen. "Town-hunters and officers beat all natur. They walk a mile and then stop to drink, and one mile more and stop to eat, and one mile further and stop to smoke, and another mile and then want to rest, and then manage four miles more after four more stops, and camp for the night. Then they send an Indian a-head to shoot a moose, and come back and say, what fine fun deer-hunting is!"

"As soon as the poles were adjusted for receiving the spruce boughs which we were instructed how to entwine, Joe Cope took two large sheets of birchen bark in which the luggage was inclosed, and slinging them with things over his shoulder, reloaded a gun, and returned to the cariboo. It was quite dark when he made his appearance with his load of venison; but we had completed our arrangements for the night. Light spruce boughs were spread for our bed, the exterior covering of branches excluded the wind, and a good blazing fire was ready for cooking our steaks. Joe shook his head."

"Ah," said he, "sarten white man scare more nor kill!"

"He immediately piled more spruce boughs on the outer covering, carefully stopping up every crevice where the fire light could be seen, and then hanging a blanket over the narrow door-way, commenced preparing the steaks."

"Sarten," he said, "wolf hunts well. When I come to the barren, wolf had got there afore me, and was making supper off cariboo without cooking."

"The steaks were excellent. I had toiled hard—"

"Very," said Stephen. "It is a wonder it didn't kill you!"

"Was very hungry, and made a capital supper. The brandy bottle was then produced, but its consumptive appearance gave too sure indication that its end was fast approaching."

"Sarten," said Joe, who participated in our disappointment, "sarten white woman very fond of big drink?"

"It's a pity, then, you hadn't been fond of a big bottle yourself," said Stephen. "What the plague was a quart among three people?"

"Such a day of fatigue, terminated by such a supper, soon disposed us all for sleep; and having examined the priming of our guns, and put them in a place secure from accident, and replenished our fire, we stretched out for repose. My friend and the Indian were soon asleep; but the novelty of the scene, the entire loneliness of our situation, the vivid recollection of the slaughter of the deer, the excitement occasioned by the numerous traces of wild beasts in our immediate neighbourhood, and the last story of the wolf, whose howl I could now distinctly hear in the direction of the carcass, caused such a quick succession of ideas, that it was nearly an hour before I dropped into a sound sleep. How long I was in that state of oblivion I cannot tell, but, judging by the state of the fire, which was then reduced to a heap of glowing coals, it must have been about midnight."

"As to that," said Stephen, "it depends on the nature of the fuel. If it was soft wood, it would burn out in an hour; if hard wood, it would keep alive all night."

"When I was disturbed by something like a growl. The place where I had laid down was just opposite to the door, and I had fallen asleep with my face to the fire."

"Then you just had your head where you ought to have had your feet," said Stephen.

"When I opened my eyes, judge of my consternation when they encountered those of three or four wolves, who, attracted by the smell of the venison, had traced it to our camp, from one of the poles of which it now hung suspended most temptingly. They had torn away the blanket which had been hung over the door, and there they stood, their backs bristled, their eyes glaring, and their white teeth glistening in the light, and uttering a sort of suppressed growl, and just ready to spring on their helpless and drowsy prey. My first thought was of the guns; but, alas! they were close to the enemy, tied to the stakes of the wigwam, for fear of falling and doing mischief, and, therefore, wholly out of reach. The axe was outside, and there was not even a brand of fire that could be grasped, all was so completely burnt to coals. I then thought me of my long knife: if I could only get at that and open it; I felt that, if I could not defend myself successfully, I should at least die hard."

"What a beautiful story!" said Miss Lucy. "That is very exciting! It's very awful! Tell us quick, did you get at the knife?"

"The knife was in the left pocket of my coat, and I was lying on my left side. I carefully put my arm behind me, and cautiously raised my body a little, so as to enable me to put my hand into the pocket; but I could not extract it without turning over. In the meantime, they kept slowly advancing, an inch or so at a time; and one of them, seeing the meat within his reach, became quite enraged, when, encountering my eyes, he sprang across the fire, and seized me by the throat in a minute."

"Shew me the marks!" said Stephen; "shew me the marks, and I'll believe it! Hang it, man, if you had only a put your head between your legs—"

"Do be quiet," said Miss Lucy, "and let him go on; you spoil the story! So he caught you by the throat?"

"Yes, he caught me by the throat. But at that instant I sprang to my feet, called out to the Indian, and hoped by the first shock to force the animal over on the fire. He had loosened his grip, and I now had him by the windpipe; but it required the whole of my muscular strength to hold him, while I passed my eye in rapid succession from one to the other of his companions, who stood ready to spring on me, and tear me to pieces. While thus engaged, the wolf with which I was in contact, by one desperate effort, threw me on my back, and the whole were instantly upon me."

"Sarten," said Joe Cope, "sarten white man mad! What you choking Joe for?" said he.

"Oh, Joe," I said, "my good fellow, I hope I haven't hurt you! I was dreaming, and I thought I was attacked by the wolves."

"Ah!" he said; "sarten white man eat too much supper."

"Well, and what then?" said Stephen.

"Why, that's all," replied the stranger.

"All!" said Stephen, in great astonishment. "Why, man alive, it's no story at all, or else you don't know how to tell it! You might as well call an apple a whole apple. If you cut off a dog's tail, it's a dog still, do you see? or dock a horse, there is the horse left to the fore, and, perhaps, looking all the better of it. But a story is like a snake, all tail from the head; and if you cut there, you don't strike the tail off, but cut the head off. You knock the life out of it at once—kill it as dead as a herring. Your story is like a broken needle, it has got no point; or like an axe without an edge, as dull as a hoe. Take my advice, my old moose-misser, and the very next time you are axed to sing a song or spin a yarn, choose the first. It's better to sing a ditty that has no tune, than tell a story that has no fun."

"Why, how would you have me tell it?" said the discomfited stranger.

"You might as well," rejoined Stephen, "ask me what I say when I say nothing, as to ask me how to tell a story that is no story. If I was to be so bold as to offer my advice, I should say tell it short, this way,—"

"Once upon a time, when pigs were swine, and turkeys chewed tobacco, and little birds built their nests in old men's beards, a youngster that had no beard went out a hunting. He thought he could shoot, but couldn't; for he fired at a cariboo and missed it: was frightened to see the tracks of wild beasts instead of tame ones in the woods; ate for his supper what he neither killed nor cooked; got the nightmare; fancied he saw three hungry wolves, woke up and found but one, and that was himself. Now, there is the hair and head, body and bones, and sum and substance, of your everlasting 'long story.'"

## THE ARTS AS CONNECTED WITH THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

BY JOHN CARROLL BRENT.

On the 2d of March last, the Hon. W. W. Campbell, of New York, offered the following amendment to the 31st amendment, of the Civil and Diplomatic bill: "That the sum of \$6,000 be appropriated towards the payment for a painting



to fill the remaining panel in the Rotunda; provided that before any contract be made with any artist the joint committee on the library shall advertise for artists to send in sketches or cartoons; and having reference to the subject, and the capacity of the artist the said joint committee shall have power to make a contract for said painting. Provided further: That the sum to be paid shall not exceed in the whole \$10,000.

The Honorable J. R. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, also moved to strike out the name of the artist, so as to leave it free to competition. Both these motions were disagreed to, and Mr. Powell of Cincinnati, was selected as the artist.

Some time before the above mentioned action in the premises, actuated by a strong desire to contribute something towards the proper representation of American art, in the execution of the painting referred to, I had several conversations with members of Congress—taking some interest in the matter—and suggested a plan similar to that offered by Mr. Campbell with the following additional proviso: Provided, also, That, after the selection of the sketch, or cartoon, which shall be approved by said committee, and its adoption by both houses, the remaining sketches or cartoons, so furnished in consequence of said advertisement, shall be purchased of their respective owners at fair and reasonable prices, and deposited in the "Gallery of Art" of the Smithsonian Institute, or if Congress should not feel disposed to obtain possession of such of the cartoons as might be deemed worthy of purchase, I would have been pleased to see it provided:—That the sketches or cartoons so furnished in pursuance of said advertisement and which shall not be found deserving selection and adoption and entitling the author to the execution of the work, shall be honorably mentioned by said joint committee, according to their respective merits, and a copy of such honorable mention be transmitted by the Secretary of the Senate and Clerk of the House to their respective authors.

The names of Messrs. Campbell and Ingersoll should be honorably mentioned as two exceptions to the illiberal, and, in my opinion, unwise course, the Congress of the United States chose to adopt on the present occasion. They and the other friends of the movement, felt, that to entertain any reasonable hope of securing the best talent in the country in the execution of the remaining painting, it was necessary and fair to open wide the door of competition, and to invite all the *native* artists to the "concours." They knew that such is the course adopted in the more refined and experienced communities of the old world, and that to sacrifice the public good, for the benefit of one man, is anti-democratic and unjust. They knew that when a public work is to be executed—the printing of congress to be given out—the supplying of books and stationery of both houses to be provided for, that the secretary and clerk are instructed to advertise for bidders, and to close with the lowest and most responsible contractor, irrespective of personal conditions or partialities; and knowing all this and feeling it their duty to adopt the course which was best calculated to secure a creditable performance of the task, and to be most acceptable to the native artists of our country, they honorably did their best towards the attainment of the desired consummation.

The effort to give fair play has most unfortunately failed. The parties, who had the power in their hands, have chosen to exercise it in a way which, with all due respect and deference, I cannot consider but narrow minded, unwise and impolitic. We have nothing left us but to submit to the decision, and to express a hope that Mr. Powell will not be found deficient.

So far as he is concerned, I will not do him the injustice to offer a criticism in advance. When he shall have complied with the commission, and the proper time have arrived for notice, I may probably express an honest opinion on the subject. It is the principle I contend for. "Principia non homines." Where the Fine Arts are concerned my maxim is, "to the most worthy." Would that it were practised in their respect, as in all other cases, where the welfare of man is at issue.

I insist, however, that, although it is too late now to correct the evil, if evil shall result from the above mentioned conduct of congress, still the future is, to some extent, within our control in this respect, and our rulers may be induced to adopt another course of conduct in these matters, if proper representations be made to them, and the voice of art and its friends be raised in protest and petition.

I would, therefore respectfully suggest to the artists of this country and the friends of art, that a memorial or memorials be gotten up, praying congress to adopt some mode of proceeding in the distribution of commissions for paintings and sculpture, as will allow all artists to compete for the prize, and such of them as are meritorious and most deserving to obtain the desired reward. Let the memorial petition, that if the plan as offered by Mr. Campbell be adopted, congress will purchase from their authors the cartoons, sketches and models furnished for the "concours," with a view to depositing them in the "Gallery of Art" of the Smithsonian Institute, or at least that honorable mention should be solemnly made of the respective merits of the various candidates for public employment and notice.

If the artists and friends of art, would consult together and adopt some general mode of proceeding in the premises, so that congress might be simultaneously and uniformly requested to do the same thing, I feel satisfied, that the present detestable way of distributing national orders to artists, would be done away with entirely, or, very much modified and mitigated, at the least.

I know that our national legislators look upon art—save the art of Politics—as matter of secondary and trifling consideration. I know that amid the din and heat of party strife, the voice of those who plead the cause of art is seldom or ever heard, still more rarely heeded. But bad as the chances of a favorable hearing may be deemed, still if a large and respectable portion of their constitu-

ents will tell their representatives that they wish to see the present prevailing abuse corrected, I flatter myself that it will be done, and the evil arrested before too late.

It may be a dream, or the wish may be father to the thought, but fanciful or not, I hope to see the day when, upon an occasion similar to that which has resulted so much to the benefit of Mr. Powell, congress shall not go hastily or partially to work, but make their selection of an artist after deliberate and fair investigation upon the merits. I hope to hear able and honest reports from capable committees, to see the names of our best artists recorded in their proceedings, and to see their best productions ornamenting our public buildings and public places.

Let no one imagine that the plan I propose will entail greater expense than is reasonable and proper. The cost of the cartoons or models will be comparatively trifling, more than balanced by the additional value and interest their possession will give to the Smithsonian gallery, or any other building or grounds it may be deemed best to deposit them in. When the artists know that their sketches will pass into possession of government, or that they will be honorably mentioned according to their merits, they will take more care with their work and furnish articles worthy public admiration. Their productions will be found an excellent commencement for a great national repository of art, and the competition, so excited and kept alive and active, will at the same time exert a salutary and beneficial influence on the artists themselves and the public at large, on the former by stirring them up to greater exertions and more studious application to their art, on the latter by familiarising them with works of merit, and so improving their taste and judgment.

I take it for granted that congress will not content itself with the commissions already provided for. I take it for granted that it will find so many other subjects in our history as colonies and a republic worthy of illustration, so many men deserving the brush of the painter, and the chisel of the sculptor, as to preclude the idea of closing the door upon any further orders and appreciations. We are but at the threshold and have done but little towards the illustration of American men and things. The seat of government, being under the control and dependent upon the legislation of congress, is the proper place and theatre for the performance of that duty. The treasury of the United States will be kept sufficiently supplied by the growing and inexhaustible resources of the country, to meet any and every call of the kind upon public liberality, and as it is to be hoped, with the progress of the people to ease and affluence, so, to some extent, their tastes and propensities will improve and become more refining, let us indulge in the hope that the metropolis of the nation will not only be deemed the centre of political interest and excitement, but attractive and distinguished for its works of art and establishments of learning. That adorned as it will be, by the capitol and public buildings, the Smithsonian Institution, and the national monuments to Washington and Jackson, it may deserve the appellation of its original name, *the Rome of the Western Hemisphere*, and inherit some of the spirit and glory of the seven hilled mistress of the world.

## THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

"My worthy companions," said an old straight-backed arm-chair, which stood close at my elbow, and, I confess, rather startled me by the suddenness of its address,—"My good friends, the respectable weapon that spoke last, I own, has amused me, as I dare say he has you all, by his deeds of battle, love, and retribution; but still he has been doomed, like many another noisy fellow, to become the tool of others, and to carry death wherever he was used.

"Now my fate has been far different, and I consider more to be envied, for it has been to carry nothing but life—and such life!—the beautiful, the young, the beloved. But of that more anon. I will begin from the beginning, that you may know what style of thing addresses you.

Know, then, that I am a descendant of a noble oak that once spread its gigantic arms and reared its kingly head over an immense space of earth, and far above all other less aristocratic trees in its neighbourhood. We bore on our arms the acorn, to show that we were truly part, parcel, and branches of the great stem or progenitor, whose first taking possession of the land which he there occupied, was beyond the memory of man; consequently our respectability was undoubted.

As centuries rolled on, our parent stem, although he supplied us liberally with leaves, began to show symptoms of decay. Our strong attachment to him made us tremble for ourselves as well as for him; for, if he were to fall, heaven only knew what would become of the numerous branches of that noble family, then all perfectly dependent on him for support. The vigour daily left his gigantic trunk, and his moans sometimes were very unpleasant to listen to; he tottered very much when there was anything of a storm, for his feet were very much swollen and distorted. From his high connexions we called it gout, but gout or no gout it materially aided in his rapid decay; and one stormy night (I shall never forget it), the wind howled around us, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and, in fact, all the elements seemed combined for the destruction of the family. In the midst of the deafening hubbub a crash—oh, horrible!—found us all struggling in one gigantic ruin. Fallen! fallen! fallen! The fall of the great brings the self-same tribe of the ungrateful, be the fallen men or trees. The next morning at daylight swarms of despoilers, men that we had sheltered from the storm, women and children that we had shaded from the noonday sun, all came bent upon our destruction. Need I say, that all the branches of our noble family were very much cut up. We were torn from each other, and we never met again. I have heard that some of the biggest of us were sent to sea, whilst others were forced into all manner of situations degrading and incompatible with their birth.

But it is of my own fortune I am bound to speak. I was of a very respectable size, having been living on my parent for some years, who was very much attached to me, and had always thought me too green to be sent away into the world. I considered myself ornamental, and therefore was in no hurry to be useful, so stuck to the old gentleman, with the other equally lazy branches; and I have heard it said that our continual drag upon him brought him and ourselves to a premature ruin. But this I look upon as merely the concensiousness of an ill-judging world, and treat it with the contempt it deserves.



I was dragged away through the dust and the mire to an obscure shed, where some low-born ruffians set upon me and stripped me of my clothing. There I lay, naked and helpless, pondering upon what would be my future fate, since it appeared to begin so scurvily.

It was left there for some length of time, when one morning a quiet old man came and measured me with a rule, and marking me off into quantities, soon set to work to divide and shave me in the most brutal manner.

After tortures innumerable I found myself in my present shape, and all my clothes in their newest gloss. I confess to you that I felt proud. I rested my arms upon my knees, and stretching out my four legs, looked down with considerable complacency upon the rich velvet apron that covered my lap.

I was conveyed with much care, and placed in a splendid old chamber, the like of which I had never beheld before. It was full of wonders to my rustic and unworldly eyes; for, though of high birth, my father being called the monarch of the wood, he held his court in the open air, which gave me little knowledge of civilised life. But I believe, that that rank is equal to any. I think we are also called "lords of the soil," which we undeniably were, for we struck out right and left to grasp as much as we could, and used up a great portion of the aforesaid soil belonging to the other trees, which was really necessary to support the many branches belonging to so noble a stem.

In my new form I was called a chair: there were a great many so called in the room: they looked very dark at me, for I suppose I was considered a *parvenu*; but I little heeded them, for my attention was attracted to a beautiful child, who, at that moment, entered the magnificent chamber. Her fair locks flew wildly about her angelic face, and with a light and airy motion she sprang towards me. She stood and gazed upon me with childish delight, admiring my graceful form; I really felt as if my velvet blushed a deeper crimson beneath her dove-like eyes.

I had a noble heart of oak, and I felt it bound as it were to the fair child: a moment more—guess my confusion—envy me my delight! she sprang into my extended arms, and I held in a close embrace the beautiful child, whose life will form the subject of my recital; and although the facts may be wanting in interest to you, to me they are hallowed by a sweet remembrance of one of earth's fairest creatures. Heaven knows I am not given to sentimentalise, nor do I intend to harrow your feelings by scenes of bloodshed or hairbreadth escapes; it is in verity a simplicity, the very sweetness of which makes to me its best sentiment.

The girl that I held in my arms was about thirteen years of age, "fair and beautiful to look upon," the only child of the owner of the magnificent domain in which I had become a retainer.

He was a stern proud man, whose early life had been passed in heart-burnings and neglect, consequent upon his position of younger brother. Of an ambitious and fiery temperament, he, from his early childhood, had fretted under the every day occurrence of seeing his elder brother, the rising sun, claim from all classes the incense paid to his position. Envy had thus early entered a heart which otherwise would have been noble and good, turning all his better feelings to gall and bitterness.

When manhood put the heir into full possession of his envied rights, he married, and was blessed with a family, entirely crushing the hopes of his younger brother as to any chance of succession.

He soon after married an amiable lady, to whom he had been for some time contracted, and as years wore on, he saw his own child mingle with the fair promising blossoms of his brother; but he experienced a pang as he felt she was only the daughter of a younger brother.

His brother's eldest son, a fine boy of about seven years of age, was the constant playfellow and chevalier to his child, showing that strong predilection for her that roused the hopes again in his embittered heart. It might be that they would grow up in love together, and the inheritance be shared in by himself through the marriage of his child. Even distant as this vision was, it still gave a balm to the rankling spirit that possessed him.

Time had rolled on, when some estates, inherited through a distant relation, called for the presence of the lord of the manor to superintend the arrangement. Finding that he must be absent from home for some months, as the estates were in Ireland, he resolved to take his family with him, leaving his brother in possession; for travelling in those days was not a thing so easily done as I am informed it is in the present.

They parted with many mutual expressions of affection, but they met no more! The vessel in which they had embarked foundered on the dangerous coast to which they were bound, and all perished.

The younger brother became the lord.

What whisperings from his heart disturbed the triumph of his hopes. How he blushed at the ambition that stopped the springs of sorrow, which ought to have gushed forth for his poor brother's sake. He became the unhappy possessor of all that had ever gilded and given enchantment to his day-dreams, for his heart told him the price at which it had been bought.

These combating feelings turned him into a stern and misanthropic man; his only pleasure being to return threefold the former neglect of his present parasites; but he was only revenging himself upon himself.

He had no son to carry down the honors of the house. The child he loved so fondly could only be the means of taking those splendid domains to aggrandise another name. She had grown into a beautiful girl of fifteen, when her father was startled by a letter, stating that a youth was then in Ireland, who, from all that could be gathered, was supposed to be the son of his lost brother. He trembled! Was the staff to be snatched from his hand, and he again thrust back into his former position? The thought was annihilating; he was almost frenzied. He read again and again the startling missive. The boy, it had stated, had been seized by the wreckers, who, fearing they might be deprived of their plunder, had carried off the child—the only soul living—and after some time, finding him a burden, had left him at a convent door, where the charity of the monks had sheltered him. They, pleased with his manners, had instructed him, and kept him amongst them for some three or four years. Fragments of recollection, ever and anon, came over his mind, which he communicated to the kind fathers. The wreck was an occurrence well remembered, and it was resolved that he should be taken to the spot. This being done, the influence of the priests soon wrung from the peasantry many relics of the wreck, among which was a miniature of his father. This led on to a train which, after much painful search, ended in the discovery of his relations, and the despatching of the letter which so disturbed his uncle.

How different were the feelings of the fair girl whose splendid inheritance was jeopardized by the re-appearance of her cousin! Joy bounded in her heart, and she thought only of the preservation of one who had been the beloved playfellow of her childhood. She counted the hours that kept

him from her embrace. But her unworldly heart was doomed to receive a pang from the mysteriously cold and startling behavior of her father. The pleasure which she experienced he refused to share in. He spoke of the impostures of the world, and the caution necessary in an affair of such consequence; hinting at its being most probably a fraud by some persons well acquainted with the affairs of the family, but that he would see the youth on his arrival. Nothing, of course, but the most ample and satisfactory proofs could be expected to be received when it involved a stake of such magnitude.

A shadow fell over her innocent heart when she, for the first time, heard the words of caution and distrust. She felt how sad it would make her if her true dear cousin was, by overweening caution, kept back from the door of his paternal mansion, and those who ought to welcome him with open arms received him only with closed hearts.

Through all these misgivings, she felt that she could not be deceived; that no pretender could be like her noble little cousin and playmate. She almost forgot, in the enthusiasm of her warm heart, that the boy must now be a youth fast approaching manhood, and that she was merging from the confines of girlhood into the full bloom of early womanhood.

Her mind was continually agitated by the enacting again and again the anxiously expected meeting. Her spirits became depressed, and she avoided the stern face of her father, which put to flight all her enchanting day-dreams.

Her father commenced proceedings as if to meet an enemy. He invited the counsel of men learned in the law, that no slur should for a moment rest on his character, and that every appearance of justice should be rendered to the expected claimant; but he inwardly felt how difficult it would be for a friendless youth, after the lapse of years—though few—to establish his identity, and his claim to a property of so much consequence, since the principal evidence would be his own vague recollections, and the connecting testimony of men of known disreputable character, at the very point at which it was most vital to have undoubted correctness; as the reverend men who had so kindly sheltered and instructed him knew nothing but what was afforded by the child's own reminiscences.

The remembrance of his early struggles and heart-burning, came back to his mind with twofold force, and hardened his feelings. To be again subject to the coldness of those who had once neglected him and on whom he had unfortunately taken a revenge, which, in the event of his losing position, would not be forgotten, was too bitter, and he already shrunk from their expected exultation and triumphant sneers.

His mind was tossed in a continual tempest. He in vain attempted to steel himself against the remembrance of his kind brother. He almost relented when he pictured the child of that brother returning to throw himself into his arms as his only protector, and there to find a stern enemy anxious alone for the failure of his claim. He inwardly hoped that no likeness of his brother would plead for the youth and appeal to him unanswerably. In fact he trembled in fear that his heart might speak. He was a weak, not a bad man; and the delight so frankly expressed by his innocent child rebuked him in a voice that would not be stifled.

Many days did the beautiful girl recline her graceful form in my arms, for I was called her chair, and I was proud of the title; but I was grieved to see the hectic of fever on her cheek, and the tears bedimmed her eyes. The sternness of her father had alarmed her timid spirit, and she covered, for the first time, at the approach of one hitherto only loved and sought with all the fervour of her disposition. The house that had only sounded with life and merriment, had now become silent and dreary, as if in expectation of some dire calamity.

At last the eventful day arrived. Kind friends from another land brought the youth home to the house of his father. If his heart beat tumultuously as the deep glades burst upon his view, rushing back upon his mind as if dreamt of in some pleasant dream, what were the feelings of the father and daughter who sat amidst their friends in a suspense of mingled feelings, almost amounting to agony.

He stood before his uncle. All eyes for a moment were fixed upon him, and then turned to look upon his uncle, who seemed to feel the universal gaze. He could not rise, but continued to gaze upon the noble-looking youth who stood confused and abashed before him.

One beautiful face bathed in tears and crimsoned with agitation, claimed his notice. It was that of his fair cousin. He knew it must be her, but he dared not approach her. The painful silence made him irresolute.

She felt in one moment that her true cousin stood before her. She looked from her father's face to his. The hand of nature pointed unerringly to his beautiful face as the certificate of his right. She saw no one but him, and, yielding to the impulse of the moment, rose timidly from her seat, and, taking him kindly by the hand, led him blushing to her chair which stood beside her father, then, without a word left the chamber to hide her emotion.

That simple action, so full of the tenderness of her nature, struck upon the hearts of all present; whilst the proud heart of the father trembled as he saw the effect of it upon the persons present.

Summoning up his wavering resolution, he gave him a cold and distant welcome; and, then turning to his legal advisers, proceeded to listen to the proofs and evidences of the friends who had accompanied him from the scene of his family's disaster.

Days passed on in the difficult investigation, but nothing beyond what was expected by the uncle could be produced by the nephew to substantiate his claim. These were of too vague a character to be of sufficient weight in the minds of the persons assembled, to give him possession of the property. Notwithstanding which, all felt and saw the powerful likeness which the youth bore to the family.

He wandered daily about the domain, where he continually found objects that he knew he must have seen before, but was convinced that his own evidence in his own cause would not avail him. Messengers were despatched to Ireland to endeavour to get some more connecting links, during which time he remained an inmate of the mansion with his friends.

Often would the cousins meet, as if by chance; and each meeting convinced them both, from many reminiscences of their childhood, that his claim was a just one; but they had to convince cold and worldly hearts, and her pleadings to her father were only answered in a cold and reproachful manner that forbade the repetition of them. His anger was really against himself, for he would have rejoiced, had he dared, to have pressed the child of his brother to his heart. But he had not moral courage enough to prompt him to yield up the title and estate that were as his life.

Thus every protracted delay caused by the case demanding some more con-



vincing evidence, gave him a pleasure mixed with pain; for he could not but feel the youth who treated him with such deference, leaving his cause entirely in the hands of the man to whom it was of the most consequence that it should fail, was the noble child of his brother.

The sun was shining with meridian splendour into the noble chamber which I and my kindred chairs were appointed to ornament. The painted windows stood open for the soft summer air to bear in the sweet odours of clustering flowers, and the birds softly twittered as they casconced themselves from the summer heat in the deep shadows of the noble trees. The blue sky sparkled like an amethyst, and the sheep lay dotted on the breezy downs, sending the soft music of their bells into the verdant valleys beneath them. All nature seemed in a delicious languor.

I held in my arms the form of a noble youth. He had seated himself to gaze upon the portraits of his mother and father that were hanging opposite. Their forms were arousing his struggling recollections. He felt that he was their child; but a melancholy came over his young heart as his uncle mixed himself up with his thoughts. His sternness chilled him, and he prayed that he might be proved the rightful heir to the satisfaction of all, not for the worldly advantages, but that he might in such an event shew the father and daughter that he was worthy of his descent.

But the image of the daughter was far more often before his mental vision than that of the father, for she had tacitly acknowledged him. The first pressure of her hand, when no other hand was held out to welcome him, remained indelible; and he desired his success if it brought him no other good than that of being her cousin.

He mused and mused until the soft influence of the day drew him into a deep slumber.

A light foot, as he closed his eyes, entered the chamber. The fair object of his thoughts—and, perchance, his dreams—stood beside him. She gazed timidly at his sleeping figure. She scanned his features intently, as she would not have dared to do had he been waking. She looked from him to the portraits opposite. Her bosom heaved and her face flushed, for the soft air from the window blew his dark locks aside, and discovered a deep scar upon his forehead. She almost uttered an exclamation. She pressed her hands to her bosom, for she had recognized an undeniable proof of his identity. In his early childhood he had, in seeking a nest for her, fallen from a tree, and nearly caused his death by the violence of the blow which had left the deep scar that now so truly witnessed for him.

She hurried, without awakening him, from the chamber. A beautiful smile passed over her face as she did so, for hope had entered her heart.

I confess that the minutes seemed long to me, for the suddenness of her action startled me, and I felt that she had taken some noble resolve, which she was about to carry out.

On her reappearance, she was accompanied by her father whose face was pale from agitation. She seemed to have been recounting to him what had passed, but she ceased speaking as she entered. She led him towards the sleeping youth and pointed to the scar. A fierce struggle was powerfully agitating the father's bosom; he turned irresolutely from the boy; as he did so, his eyes met the imploring look of his own child.

She pressed his hands against her innocent bosom, and said in a low but emphatic voice, "Father, we know him to be what he represents himself to be. Think of the nobleness of deciding against yourself for your own tranquillity and mine. Your heart, I know, is conquered; 'tis but your pride remains to be so."

What father could resist the power of such eloquence when it pleaded for her loss, only looking to his gain!

The next moment found the bewildered youth startled from his dreams and clutched in the fervent embrace of his uncle, whilst his fair cousin, smiling through her tears and sobs, stood by his side the happiest of the trio. \*

A happy man wandered through the chambers that were so late his own. He was now only the guardian of the heir. But he had lost no honours. Good men clasped him by the hand; every face smiled upon him, for every heart applauded him. He had gained a greater estate than he had lost. He had his own self-esteem.

As time rolled on he found the reward in the certain fulfilment of his wishes. His nephew seemed only to exist in the presence of his child. No word had been spoken of their love. The tongue had not been as yet trusted with the soft confession. The eyes alone had been in mutual understanding. I believe I may say that I was the first to be a party concerned; for, from the day so eventful to the fortunes of the heir, when he had been so agreeably awakened in my arms, that fair girl seemed to have taken a stronger attachment to me, and sought me on all occasions when she wished to enjoy her day-dreams alone.

One evening her cousin found her seated there. He placed himself at her feet.

What he said was very broken and disjointed. What she said was more so; but strange to say, they seemed perfectly to understand each other. I won't say I saw him kiss her, as it was fast falling twilight, but, if I may judge from the sound, it appeared to me to be one. But this I say under correction. \*

They were married upon his coming of age; at least I imagine so from the ringing of bells, and happy faces that kept continually passing and repassing.

In all her bridal beauty I was her chosen throne. She was the queen of hearts that day, and so did she ever remain, for her conduct was known to all from the affectionate and proud father.

As soon as she had strength to carry their first infant she placed him in my lap, for I had been the cause of all her happiness. I confess to you that I was rather an awkward nurse at first, but I soon got accustomed to be drummed by tiny heels, which gave me continual occupation. \*

One calm and lovely evening I supported a white-haired old man, beside an open window that admitted the cool and sweet autumnal air. By his side sat his two children, to whom he spoke in low and feeble whispers. Each held an attenuated hand, and watched with fond affection the glimmering light of life that still held him in the mortal world.

They knelt before him, and his hands were placed upon their heads; and he passed from life with a smile of thanksgiving that heaven had blessed him in the gift of such children.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. CHALMERS.

Thomas Chalmers is now no more—is becoming a thing of remembrance and history! A hundred pens have already leaped into a hundred ink-bottles to celebrate the mighty Christian apostle and Champion; let one be taken up to

set forth the man as he was, morally and intellectually. His nature was so rich and so thoroughly noble, as to carry every thing before it, even where there was no strong sympathy with the peculiar views and objects that principally occupied him; no man could know him without loving him. The peculiarity of character in which lay his power of attaching the hearts, and commanding the wills, of other men, was independent of his particular speculative opinions. If he had never adopted those convictions upon the subject of religion which inspired all the latter part of his career, but had continued to hold to the end of his life the creed with which he began it, his faculties might have missed the most favourable field for their exercises, and he would probably have made much less noise, and exerted a much less extensive influence, in the world. But he would not have been less the delight of a narrower circle, nor would he have wielded an ascendancy less marked over the few than he has done over the many. His ardent temperament, however, would certainly have driven him into the positive and the practical in some other direction, for his soul was as little fitted to find either sustenance or rest in the region of mere negation and indifference as that of any man who ever breathed.

Chalmers's original passion was Science. He seems to have imbibed this taste at the University of St. Andrew's, where a strong mathematical spirit slumbered, and from time to time awoke, ever since it was first breathed into the place by James Gregory. The great man—the greatest of a gifted race, the friend of Newton, and the inventor of the reflecting telescope—was appointed, in 1668, to the newly-established mathematical professorship there. He held it for about six years, and was then transferred to Edinburgh, where, about a year afterwards, he was suddenly struck blind while viewing the satellites of Jupiter, and was carried off at the age of thirty-seven. His immediate successor at St. Andrew's was, we believe, Professor Sanders, who seems also to have been a person of rare merit. In a publication of his on geometry, there are said to be anticipations of some views which have been revived with general acceptance in recent times. By and by, in 1707, the Chair was given to another Gregory—Charles, nephew of James—who occupied it till 1739, when he was succeeded by his son David, who continued professor till his death in 1763. We are not aware that Charles Gregory is remembered for much, except that he was one of the three brothers who were professors at the same time in three British universities—the two others being David, one of the most distinguished mathematicians of that age, who was Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, and James, who filled the mathematical chair at Edinburgh. They formed, however, not a tithe of their father's family; the productive old gentleman, the elder brother of the inventor of the reflecting Telescope, having actually, it is said, had born to him, by his two wives, no fewer than thirty-two sons and daughters! Tradition, we may mention, affirms that it was a daughter of Charles Gregory, the St. Andrew's professor, whose story gave occasion to Mallet's ballad of "Margaret's Ghost;" her false lover, the author of her ruin, being Sir William Sharp, a nephew of the famous murdered archbishop. David, the third and last of the St. Andrew's Gregories, does not seem to have allowed the light to go out that had been kindled by his illustrious ancestor; he must have been professor when the late John Playfair studied at St. Andrew's, between 1752 and 1756; and Playfair left the university, when no more than eighteen, a finished mathematician. The successor of David Gregory was a Professor Vilant, who was much more, however, of a professor than a performer; he nominally occupied the chair for nearly half a century, but discharged its duties for the greater part of that time upon the representative principle, and used to be remembered for nothing except the long succession of assistants, or temporary substitutes, themselves for the most part forgotten even in name, who taught the class for session after session, while he confined himself to the easier and pleasanter part of the business—pocketing the fees and the salary. One, however, of these deputies of the invalid professor was a man of genius; this was John West, the author of a volume entitled "Elements of Geometry," published at London in 1784, which, though seldom met with and little known in the southern part of the island, is distinguished both by considerable originality and by supreme elegance, and is altogether a gem of a book among the mathematical treatises of modern times. Poor West is not noticed in any biographical dictionary that we have looked into; but, if we rightly remember, he eventually took orders in the English Church, and obtained some living in the West Indies, whence, however, we believe he returned and ended his days in England. His era at St. Andrew's must have been, we apprehend, somewhere between 1780 and 1790. He revived the old mathematical spirit of the university in all its ardour; it was under him that, among other pupils, the late Sir John Leslie and the late Sir James Ivory were formed. But West, we suppose, must have vanished from that scene some time before Chalmers entered as a student at the United College of St. Salvator and St. Leonard, an event which occurred probably about the year 1794. By whom the mathematical class was then taught we do not know. At any rate, the memory of West and his doings could not fail to be fresh; and we can testify that his name had yet a halo round it twenty years later, when the last great St. Andrew's mathematical revival was at its height; and this befel under Dr. Haldane, now the venerable Principal of St. Mary's, who, in the days of which we speak, was the life and soul of the Old or Philosophy College; every youthful member of which, brought within the range of his contagious enthusiasm, was, for two sessions at least, lost to all good except what might be symbolised with chalk upon a black board. In Chalmers's time, however, old nominal Vilant still lived, or professed to live; he clung, indeed, to his clandestine, ineffective existence, till Chalmers himself grew to be qualified to teach the mathematical class, and did teach it for a session or two. Nor would he be Vilant's last assistant; for the term of his service befell about 1801, and the obstinate old sinecurist survived till 1807. Meanwhile Chalmers had exchanged his office of mathematical teacher at St. Andrew's, which afforded him employment for only six months of the year, for that of assistant, or as in England it would be called, curate, to the minister of the parish of Cavers, in Roxburghshire. But this charge he held only for a very short time. In 1803 he was brought back to his native county of Fife, and to the near neighbourhood of St. Andrew's, being appointed to the rural living of Kilmany, on the presentation of the Masters of the United College, one of whom, Dr. Adamson, the Professor of Civil History, was, we believe, his near relation. He was at this time about three-and-twenty.

He did not yet think it necessary, however, in his new position, to relinquish his old studies and pursuits. It was after he became minister of Kilmany that he reappeared at St. Andrew's as a lecturer on Chemistry. He must, we suppose, have been, like Bishop Watson, self-taught in this branch. Botany, conchology, and other departments of natural science, are also said to have come in at this date for their share of his attention. But while he gratified his curiosity and amused his leisure with these lighter studies, it was to Mathematics, as the queen of the sciences, and to the noblest of its conquests, Astronomy, that he continued chiefly to devote himself. It was a question con-



nected with the interests of mathematical science that prompted his first resort to the press, and that first made the public generally aware of his existence.

Even in Scotland, we fear, that the great Leslie case, which, in the year 1805, made the land ring for many months from side to side, has to a new generation faded into a very dim and vague tradition. A vacancy having happened in the chair of mathematics in the university of Edinburgh, after a crowd of candidates (among whom Chalmers himself was one,) had come forward in the first instance, two were selected and pitted against each other by opposite factions,—Dr. Macknight, one of the ministers of the city, by the clergy; Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Leslie, by those whom, for brevity's sake, we may designate the philosophers. The appointment lay with the magistrates of the city, but the Presbytery of Edinburgh (or ecclesiastical court, composed of the clergy of the city and neighbourhood) claimed what they called the right of *avisandum*, equivalent in effect to a  *veto* upon the nomination, only that it was not absolute, but required to be supported by at least some show of reasonable objection. The objection which they started to the appointment of Leslie was that, in a note to his late work on *Heat*, he had praised David Hume's doctrine of Causation, which shewed, they said, that he must be either a deist or an atheist. Leslie and his friends, on their side, protested obstreperously that he was neither the one nor the other. We believe that even in the church the opposition was generally regarded as unfair; that the strong feeling upon the subject was chiefly confined to the clergy of Edinburgh and the neighbourhood; and that the impression among their brethren throughout the country, who had not the same personal interest in the matter, was, that, whatever might be Mr. Leslie's errors upon the general question, in this particular case of cause and effect the misstatement was with the other party, the real cause or motive of the attempt to keep him out being pretty evidently something considerably different from the one professed. This would seem to be shewn by the final result of the contest in the church courts, when, after having been victorious first in the Presbytery of Edinburgh, and then in the Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale, the opponents of Leslie's election were defeated in the supreme court of the General Assembly by a majority of ninety-six votes to eighty-four. This was in the end of May. It was now that Chalmers came forward. Among the publications which the controversy had called forth, the most remarkable was the pamphlet by Dugald Stewart, entitled, *A Short Statement of some Important Facts, &c.*, in which the proceedings of the clerical party were attacked with extraordinary vehemence and bitterness, and in which was also printed a letter in the same strain, which had been addressed to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh by Professor Playfair. Playfair, who had himself, by the by, been originally a country clergyman, here argued that, as there are some studies which unite readily, and mutually assist one another, so there are some that do not readily accord, and are not easily pursued, at the same time; and that the duties and habits of a Scottish clergyman appeared to be incompatible with any proper cultivation of the mathematical sciences. The fact upon which he principally rested in support of this conclusion was, that the whole Church of Scotland at that moment afforded but one example (Dr. Small, of Dundee) of a man known to the public as the author even of a single memoir in any of these sciences. "From whence can this proceed, my lord," asked Playfair, "but from a certain degree of inconsistency between those sciences and the studies to which clergymen are naturally led by their profession?" Taking fire at what he regarded as a denunciation of himself and his whole order, Chalmers forthwith hurled back his indignant protest in a pamphlet of some fifty pages, bearing the title of "Observations on a Passage in Mr. Playfair's Letter to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh relative to the Mathematical Pretensions of the Scottish Clergy. Capar-Fife: Printed and sold by R. Tullis. 1805. This first of Chalmers' many publications has never been reprinted, and has long been extremely rare; but it is, in all respects, one of his most characteristic performances, expressing the man to the life, both as he then was and as he always continued essentially to be, notwithstanding much after-growth and development both of his moral and of his intellectual nature. At this time, it is to be remembered, he was a young man of only five-and-twenty, fresh from college, and with all his views and habits of thought rather those of the solitary student than of one much conversant with the world. But although his faculties were still comparatively both unexercised and unfurnished, and his mental constitution altogether in a very crude and imperfect state, we have here in this early pamphlet all the elements of what he afterwards became. The very style, though juvenile and fleshy, is radically the same with that of his maturer years. It has the same ring and the same outward fashion, though it came afterwards to acquire far more both of force and character. The *Observations*, however, are especially curious for the evidence which they afford of the as yet unawakened state of his mind upon the great subject which was chiefly to occupy him throughout nearly all the subsequent portion of his life:—

"The author of this pamphlet," Chalmers here writes, with the honesty and intrepidity which were part of his being,—"The author of this pamphlet can assert, from what to him is the highest of all authority, the authority of his own experience, that, after the satisfactory discharge of his parish duties, a minister may enjoy five days in the week of uninterrupted leisure, for the prosecution of any science in which his taste may dispose him to engage. In as far, then, as the command of time is concerned, it will be difficult to find a situation in the country more favourable to the free and uninterrupted exercises of the understanding. Mr. Playfair may smile contempt when I say that a clergyman is more favourably situated for the successful prosecution of the mathematics than a mathematical professor. For one half of the year the professor has three different classes to attend to, and we apprehend that the fatigues and the preparations of teaching will be found to leave little time and less energy for those higher exercises of his mind which are to add to the stock of his information, and to raise him above the level of his present acquirements. A minister has five days in the week for his own free and independent exertions."

And then he expatiates for a couple of pages more upon the "almost no consumption of intellectual effort" which there is in the peculiar employments of a parish minister.

Twenty years after this we chanced to be present in the General Assembly, at the close of a warm and protracted debate, in which Dr. Chalmers, then in the height of his celebrity and influence as the great pulpit orator of the day, had taken a distinguished part, when a member on the opposite side of the house took occasion to twit him in coarse terms with the change his sentiments had undergone since the commencement of his preaching and pamphleteering career, when he had announced his creed upon the subject of clerical duty in the terms quoted above—amounting, in effect, to a declaration that a clergyman had nothing to do except to write his sermon on the Saturday and deliver

it on the Sunday. We will avail ourselves of an account which we gave of this scene, no matter where, when our recollection of it was fresh:—

"The unmannerly and unfeeling attack was received by the crowded house and overflowing galleries to whom it was addressed with a general murmur of indignation; and every eye was instantly turned upon its object, who sat with unmoved countenance until his opponent had concluded his harangue. As soon as it was finished he rose; and, for a few moments, the silence of intense expectation suspended the gazing audience. Dr. Chalmers, we should remark, is not eminent as an extemporaneous speaker; the ornate and antithetic style of his oratory forbids a fluency, which is only compatible with a less ambitious diction; and all his more brilliant addresses accordingly are prepared with great care and elaboration. On this occasion, therefore, we dare say some of his friends, considering the extreme delicacy of his position, and how suddenly and unexpectedly he had been attacked, awaited his coming defence with some apprehension. But never shall we forget the instant and overwhelming triumph of that reply. He acknowledged, in the amplest terms, the justice of the rebuke that had been administered to him, and expressed his joy that the hour had come when an opportunity was given him of thus publicly confessing how wrong—how outrageously wrong—had been the estimate he had formed, in those bygone days, of the littleness of time and the magnitude of eternity. It was humbly, yet proudly spoken; for the speaker felt, while the words fell from his lips, that he was acquitting himself nobly, and lifting himself to an immeasurable height, even while thus assuming the tone and attitude of sorrow and self-condemnation, above his humiliated assailant. We never witnessed any effect of eloquence like that produced by those few solemn sentences, thus firmly and dignifiedly pronounced, in circumstances that would have covered most men with abashment and confusion. They were followed by an universal storm of applause, in the midst of which the ashamed and mortified blunderer, whose vulgar abuse had been so manfully encountered and so splendidly repelled, endeavoured in vain to make himself heard, even in apology for his reckless onset. His voice, repeatedly raised, was as often drowned in an outcry of aversion and disgust."

Let it not be supposed, however, that even in those early, and, as many would call them, careless days,—those days, at least, of easy-mindedness and non-excitement upon the subject of religion,—Chalmers ever was either an infidel or a sceptic. He was incapable, then as at any other time, of professing a faith which he did not hold, much more of earning an income by any such false and base profession. Besides, to Christianity, or what he believed to be Christianity, he was attached by all the habits of his life and by every strong tendency of his nature. The son of pious parents, he had been brought up in the regular practice of the duties and observances of religion; all the oldest recollections and deepest feelings of his heart were steeped in that light; nor did the beauties and sublimities of the Christian system recommend themselves less to his peculiar intellectual than to his moral tastes: with all his philosophy, that was still the field where his ardent and impassioned imagination found its highest excitement, and its amplest space for exercise and display. It might even then have been confidently predicted that, if Science and Religion should ever draw him in opposite directions, or come into conflict in his mind, the victory of the latter would be certain. His philosophical speculations and views were always much more likely to take a religious colour than his religious notions were to be perverted by his philosophy. Much of the life and power even of his intellect consisted in his moral sensibility; his very understanding might be said to be half constituted of heart and passion. That the *lumen siccum* of science should ever put out the fire of religious sentiment in such a nature was impossible.

To be sure, his religion might be apt to be to some extent moulded by his imagination. It might be, and perhaps it was, something of a poetical religion. Well, we do not know that it was the worse for that. There is plenty of the prosaic, at all events, in the religion that is ordinarily professed. That which ought to be the divinest, and as such the most generous and self-forgetting, of all things, is too commonly a mere affair of prudential calculation and the lowest selfish apprehension. In Scotland, in those days, the state of religion and of the church was altogether different from what it has since become; whether it was worse or better may be matter of question. Now, certainly, all things are in a state of much greater excitement and commotion; religion makes infinitely more din and noise; the clergy generally, we may almost say universally, work a great deal harder in a professional way; the people are much less let alone than they formerly were. The particular circumstances of the present moment, indeed, when a new church, carrying with it a third part of the population, has suddenly started up and assumed an attitude of fierce hostility to the Establishment, would sufficiently account for much extraordinary activity in all quarters; the country is involved in the actual whirlwind of a religious war. But this state of things has been brought about by causes that have been long in operation. The disruption in the Church was probably precipitated by the Reform-bill and the other political changes of the preceding ten or twelve years, which in Scotland, by calling the democratic element into existence for the first time, really affected as complete a revolution as ever took place in any country. If it had not been for these violent impulses the catastrophe might, perhaps, have been avoided; but things were drifting in this direction, at any rate, under the simple natural law of reaction—of that principle of ebb and flow which operates with almost such regularity in human affairs as it does in the tides of the ocean.

The history of religious feeling has been in every country that of an aguish alternation of hot and cold fits. In Scotland, as was likewise the case at the same era in England, when Chalmers entered the Church, and for years after, as for many years before, the cold fit prevailed. Earnest feeling on the subject of religion was mostly confined to the Dissenters, who then formed a very small minority of the population, and consisted almost exclusively of the lower orders. The people generally, of all classes, disquieted themselves very little about the matter. They took things easy, as one might say. There was little or no positive or distinct infidelity; few people, indeed, thought enough upon the subject to be in any danger of falling into that; all the decencies of religious observance were as well maintained, though, perhaps, with less of parade and ostentation, as they are now. Nor are we aware of any grounds there are for supposing that the morality of the country was in any essential point, or upon the whole, lower in those days than it is at present. It is probable that something of outward indecorum may have been repressed, under the ascendancy of the system of stricter requirement and more vigilant and interfering inspecting; but on the other hand, we should apprehend that since religion has become so active, aggressive, and all-pervading a force, there must inevitably have sprung up and become diffused through the community much more of violence, bitterness, and dissension, of hatred, malice and all uncharitableness; and that there is also to be met with a good deal more than there used to be, both of the hypocritical affection of religion on the one hand, and of open



disregard of it on the other: so that, as we have said, it may, perhaps, be fairly questioned whether, at least in so far as this world is concerned the change that has taken place has operated upon the whole as a gain or a loss. The effect, however, of this revival of the puritanic spirit (for it is nothing else) has been to place the clergy in an entirely new position, to give them new occupations and duties, and a new character. They are now, one and all, literally and emphatically what may be called a working clergy; employed, not on Sundays only, but from morning to evening in every day of the week, and throughout every week of the year, exclusively in the routine labours of their profession. It matters little whether a clergyman be located in a great town or in the most thinly peopled country village; in either case he is expected to give up all his time to preaching, catechising, visiting the sick, prayer-meetings, missionary-meetings, and fifty other similar demands upon him. He has no leisure; the rule is that he shall have no leisure. In this respect, to be sure, the fate that has overtaken the clergy is only the same that has fallen upon every other order of the men in the country,—upon the medical profession, upon the profession of the law, upon ministers of state, upon members of the legislature; all over-worked—driven on, every individual, as by the force of a hurricane, which leaves him no faculty of deliberate thought, often not even the time to go through the business in hand, except in the most perfunctory and inefficient manner. It is a short-sighted and altogether miserable system, which must, ere long, unless it be checked, prove fatal to the best interests of the country. It is not for our manufacturing population alone that a Short-time law is required; such a modification in our habits and arrangements as would answer the same purpose is wanted wherever there are hands, and still more wherever there are heads, at work.

But to return to the circumstances of the Scottish clergy in Chalmers's early days. They were divided into two great parties,—the Moderates and the Highfliers or Wildmen. In some respects this division was analogous to that of the High and low Church parties in the English establishment; in other respects not. The Moderates held no principle corresponding to that of the Apostolical Succession, no *ius divinum* of Presbytery; the nearest approach which they made to any thing of this kind was in their tendency to exalt the claims of the Church, simply on the ground of its being one of the institutions of the State. The Church, too, in their notion, was apt to be understood as meaning specially the clergy, without much, if any, reference to the people. But their main distinction was what their name implied,—the comparative moderation of their theology. Their Christianity was principally a system of ethics. The distinctive doctrines of revelation were not denied, but they were little insisted upon. At the best they were kept in reserve for rare emergencies. The sermons of the Moderate clergy did not usually contain much more than might have been delivered by Socrates, or any other respectable heathen. Naturally enough, such preaching was rarely or never very popular; the people, even where they did not care very much about the doctrines which were kept in the background, felt that this mere Pagan morality, though good enough so far as it went, was only a portion of what they had a right to have preached to them. There was an obscure, but uncomfortable sense of being cheated. The clergy of the other party, accordingly (the Highfliers), were universally the favourite preachers. What was understood by their highflying was the prominence with which they brought forward those peculiar doctrines of the Gospel which were so sparingly introduced by their opponents. They were, in fact, the Evangelical party in the Scottish Church. At the date, however, to which we now refer, this party stood as low as possible in all respects, except in a certain degree of favour which it enjoyed with the multitude. In point of numbers, the Highfliers, probably, did not amount to more than a third or fourth part of the clergy and included scarcely any distinguished either for scholarship or superior ability of any kind. The two or three exceptions were certain members of the party, who were principally known by the figure they made in the Church courts as political leaders or agitators: for, acted upon by the popular tendencies of their creed and their position, the Highfliers were generally, though not universally, Whigs; and in their capacity of ecclesiastical legislators and speechifiers, they were in the habit, as a body, of occasionally lending a helping hand to that party in the State,—in those days doomed, apparently, to a hopeless exclusion from power—by opposing or carping at such of the measures or proposals of the Government as came naturally before the church judicatories, or could be anyhow dragged into the discussions there carried on. Their opponents, the Moderates, on the contrary, were almost to a man, stanch Tories, or partisans of the ministry.—This party, moreover, comprised by far the larger portion of whatever learning, talent, and general intellectual respectability, was to be found among the Scottish clergy. Under the various influences that have been at work during the last five-and-twenty or thirty years, the popular theology has been elevated to altogether a new position, and Moderatism, as it existed formerly, may be said to be almost extinct; the clergy universally are become, in their preaching and demeanour, what, in other days, would have been called Highfliers. It may be that no individual did so much to bring about this change as Chalmers himself. Nevertheless, it was from the opposite camp that he came forth to be the conductor of the Evangelical party to power and victory. As a devotee of literature and science, it was a matter of course, and almost of necessity, that he should take his place, in the first instance, with the Moderates. It was on that side of the Church alone, when he entered it, that any literary taste or cultivation existed, or, we may almost say, was tolerated. An ardent student of mathematics, and chemistry, and political economy, among the Highflying clergy, would have been a phenomenon, to which Saul among the prophets was nothing.

It is plain, from the whole tone and bearing of his first pamphlet, that when it was written and published, Chalmers had no notion that any distinction he might attain to in the world would ever be derived from or connected with his clerical character. He insists, almost in so many words, upon his profession being considered as a mere accident, or, at any rate, as a circumstance of no more real importance than the colour of his coat. One of the most remarkable passages of the pamphlet is an illustration—too long to be here quoted—ridiculing Playfair's objection to clerical professors of mathematics, by an account of a razor which was found to have lost all its shaving virtues on its yellow haft being changed for a black one. In other places one would almost say that he speaks of his being a clergyman as a misfortune, indignantly deprecating and protesting against the cruelty of people looking down upon him for what he cannot help. "The day is yet to come," he exclaims, "when the world will see that there is the same injustice in attaching iniquity to a clergyman on the score of his profession, as in persecuting an African for his colour, or, a Mussulman for his religion." Clergymen, he goes on to contend, are not accountable for being clergymen; "the choice of their profession often depends on the most accidental circumstances,—a whim of infancy, or the capricious

destination of parents." But his sense of injury breaks out with the most passionate expression in the concluding paragraph:—

"The author of the foregoing observations keeps back his name from the public, as a thing of no consequence. With Mr. Playfair, whose mind seems so enlightened by well-founded associations, it will, probably, be enough to know that the author is a clergyman,—a member of the stigmatised caste,—one of those puny antagonists with whom it would be degrading to enter into the lists of controversy,—one of those ill-fated beings whom the malignant touch of ordination has condemned to a life of ignorance and obscurity,—a being who must bid adieu, it seems, to every flattering anticipation, and drivel out the remainder of his days in insignificance."

The writer of these sarcastic and bitter words, we may be assured, was determined that no *hic niger est*—no black gown that tailoring ever fashioned—should keep him back from taking part in the great battle of intellect going on every where around him, and aspiring with all his might after what distinction and honour God and Nature had qualified him to win.

[Conclusion next Week.]

## HOW MR. STRAGGLES ATE WHITEBAIT AT GREENWICH.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

July came on, and it was more hot than ever in London. You might have poached eggs on the pavement, and there was no shade anywhere. Even in Covent Garden the strawberries sweltered and baked in their pottles: the gold and silver fish languished in globes of tepid water: Mary Johnson's bouquets drooped over their lacework papers; and the heat forced the crimson pendants of the fuchsias into long pink trumpets, which, being blown, shrivelled and died.

The only thing cool in all London was the block of Wenham Lake ice in the Strand, and that appeared to be perspiring at such a rate that its dissolution was always being immediately expected. The curds-and-whey on the stalls positively steamed, and the small dusty high dried crabs, at three a penny, rattled again, as every one became its own oven. How the gasping passengers in the omnibuses survived the inside transit is difficult to conceive; the Fire-king himself would have suffered. The only people who underwent but little inconvenience, were the cooks at the chop-houses and the stokers in the river steam-boats, and they never perceived any difference, as they faced their ever-glowing ranges and furnaces. But the wild beasts under the mighty bell-glasses at the Surrey Zoological Gardens yawned, and blinked, and stretched themselves out at full length upon the hot floor of their dens, and thought they were once more at home, dreaming of torrid jungles, and simoons, and scorching sand, until cool evening dispelled the illusion, and the besieging of Gibraltar, with its rockets, and drums, and crackers, recalled them once more to a sense of their true position.

No one suffered more from the heat than did Mr. Straggles in his small chambers before alluded to, immediately under the roof, which now collectively formed a hot-house, wherein he might have grown pine-apples. He could not get cool. He opened all the doors and windows, but a draught of heated air was all that came to refresh him. He left off wearing waistcoats, and bought a blouse, but he only felt the oppressiveness of the sun the more, when he put on his ordinary attire to go out; and then he longed to be July, as Spenser once described that month; envied the performers in the "Poses Plastiques," and fell into some wild notion of taking the diving bell at the Polytechnic Institution for a week, and living at the bottom of the tank.

But it was worst of all when he went to his dinner. He took this meal, generally, at the "restaurant" of an ingenious foreigner, somewhere in the rear of the National gallery, who was reported to have the right of shooting over Leicester Square, to supply the varied preparations of rabbits on his carte. Here it was that Mr. Straggles could scarcely breathe. For the soups, and the gravies, and the stews, the plates of pallid meat, and the tough and piping portions of unholy puddings, formed such a hot thickened atmosphere, that the very flies had difficulty in forcing their way through it to the open windows, from which dense vapours might be seen rolling; and these, diluted with the air, pervaded the neighbourhood for some distance round to such an extent, that you might almost have believed the inhabitants lived upon the odours. Mr. Straggles stood this a long time, for the place was cheap, and the races had cost him so much money that he was obliged to retrench. But at length he got nearly stewed himself, and in a desperate plight of not knowing what to do next, formed Arcadian plans for living on bread and fruits, or periwinkles and pickled eels, beneath the coolest arcades of Hungerford.

"Ulow! Straggy!" said a voice down the letter-box to our hero, "Are you at home?"

"What! Joe?" exclaimed Mr. Straggles, stopping in the attempt he had persevered in for some months to play the minor part of "The Standard Bearer" on his octave flute. "That's not you!"

"Is n't, though: look out."

And then the end of a small walking-stick was pushed through the letter-slot, and the box opened, not having a trustworthy fastening, as its contents fell on the floor. They were not letters. Mr. Straggles's box formed the receptacle for all sorts of fugitive donations, presented by the men in the other chambers, as they went up and down stairs,—kings and knaves of playing cards, cherry stones, straws from sherry-cobblers, pit checks of theatres the night before, advertising tailors' "brochures," sometimes crackers, and once he found a mouse.

"Come in, old feller: who'd have thought of seeing you?"

The new arrival looked something like a fashionable gentleman who had been kept from last year, with a dash of the Leicester Square foreigner about him. He had only one glove, which he held in his hand, and this had once been yellow. His boots, though trodden out and cracked at the outside, were intensely polished, and had long toes which somewhat turned up; and protuberances at the ankle, before and behind, under his trowsers, which were strapped down, shewed that they were shorts. He had a long black stock, much perforated by pins, and no collar; in fact, the general style of his get-up was the "seedy," a word implying approaching extermination as forcibly as reproduction.

"Why, Joe, what a Mossoo you look," said Mr. Straggles.

"Mossoo," was the Straggles for "Monsieur," picked up from a course of six lessons in French, and the received stage-pronunciation, and applied by our friend generally to all foreign gentlemen of peculiar continental cut.

"And where have you been?" he added.

"Boulogne, sir, Boulogne—the land of the free. Ever since the railways blew up I have been obliged to come Dan Tucker. Eh! twig! pheugh! yerg! yerg! yerg!"



And here the friend put himself in an attitude of banjo-playing with his stick, made Ethiopian noises, and lyrically described the excitement caused by the coming to town of the person above named.

"But I say, Joe, where have you been living?"

"Till within two months on board the Nore Light—provisional director of the floating beacon. They never thought of looking for me there. I've made great friends with the keeper; very jolly fellow, who never goes on shore, because he says it makes him so sick. He gets qualmish sometimes on board, when it's calm."

"And are you all right now?"

"Right as twenty trivets: only they'd have me, if they could about that cursed Slushpool and Landmark Heate Extension. There must be as many writs out against me as, pasted together, would reach the whole length of the line."

"Then what are you here for?"

"Oh! I was obliged to come over. I've got a plan, and been sitting up all night with capitalists and accountants to carry it out. Ten thousand pounds down, and half a million a year safe."

"Have you got the ten thousand down, Joe?"

"No! but as good—as good. I'm going back to Boulogne to night to see about it."

Mr. Straggles thought that Boulogne, from what he had heard of it, was not exactly the place to go to for ten thousand pounds; but he knew his friend, and did not say anything.

For Mr. Joseph Flitter, as he was called, lived in a self-created world of gigantic schemes, and had never been out of hot water since Mr. Straggles had known him. Their agencies had first thrown them together, and they had never met but he had something to propose that must return five hundred per cent. No matter what the scheme was; he got up companies, and railways, and newspapers, with equal facility. When a junction-bank failed he started a floating-bath, with the same prospects of liquidation; and as soon as he found that one bushel of the new argillaceous shale would not fuel a steamer over the Atlantic, he had the galvanic decomposition-of-water patent all ready, the apparatus for which, to work the Great Western, could be put under a hat.

"I suspect one or two are on the look-out for me," said Mr. Flitter; "so I'll tell you how I'm going to Boulogne. That London Bridge Warf is never safe. Sir, I believe the writs walk about there bolt upright by themselves, all day long, to catch the passengers. But the steward of the boat is a capital fellow; I wear coats and shawls on shore for him, and carry uncorked bottles of brandy; and he is going to look out for me, and hook on to a boat if I'll be in it, off the Isle of Dogs to-night. Now, where do you dine?"

Mr. Straggles suggested the place above-mentioned, near Leicester Square.

"Oh! no!—no!" said Mr. Flitter. "Fancy this weather, too, pah! Let's dine at Greenwich, eh? Do the thing for once:—oceans of water-souchee—swamps of stewed eels—no end of salmon cutlets—pyramids of whitebait—and an acre of brown bread and butter."

"Beautiful!" cried Mr. Straggles, carried away by his friend's enthusiasm.

"I believe you, my boy," continued Mr. Flitter. "Gallons of cyder cup, too, and Badminton. Iced punch!—ducks!—peas!—cutlets!—and brown bread and butter again! And then the wine—and the river—and the strawberries. Ah!"

This time Mr. Straggles sighed.

"But it costs so much, Joe," he added, sadly.

"Cost be (something) 'd," replied Mr. Flitter. "You can do it at all prices. Look here," and he pulled a small bill from his pocket. "Tea with shrimps, a shilling; ditto with children six-pence."

"I don't seem to care much about children," observed Mr. Straggles.

"No—no—nonsense, Straggy. I mean to pay, you know. You shall be my guest, and see me off. I say, you have n't got such a thing as a pair of boots to lend a fellow, have you? Your's would fit me."

Mr. Straggles had a cherished pair, with red tops, so smart that he often regretted that he could not wear them outside his trousers, when they would have given him the air of a Polka nobleman. Under other circumstances he would not have thought of lending them, but Mr. Flitter was going to stand the dinner, so he brought them from his bedroom.

"But I say Joel!" he asked, "if you are off to Boulogne, what will become of my boots?"

"Oh—all right. You must come with me as far as Gravesend, just to see me off: you can get back for a shilling, and take your boots with you. A collar too, I think: yes, a collar, and then I shall be slap-up. Recollect,—for I've got business to do, and must be off,—if we don't meet again, the Hospital terrace, at seven o'clock."

Mr. Flitter went into Mr. Straggles's room, and put on the articles, and then took his departure.

At five P.M. Mr. Straggles locked his outer door, and went to London Bridge by water for a farthing, in a new steamer called "The Earwig," and then waited on the pier and enjoyed a pennorth of cherries, as he watched the flock of steamers crowding along the river.

"Now, who's for Grinnage?" bawled a man: "outside boat!"

Mr. Straggles took his ticket, and found the boat would start at the half hour: but as it wanted a few minutes, he went back to buy another bunch of cherries, to beguile the journey. He was kept a little time waiting for change, the woman having hunted under every leaf in her basket for the coppers, and he then went and took his place in the outside boat, by the man at the wheel, just as she was starting.

"I say!" exclaimed Mr. Straggles, as the boat appeared to be off the wrong way, "where are you going to?"

"Ungerford," was the reply.

"But I'm going to Greenwich!"

"No, that you is n't; leastwise now," said the man. "That's the Grinnage boat just moving."

"They told me it was the outside one," cried Mr. Straggles.

"So she was till we come round," said the man. "This here's 'The Earwig.'"

The very boat he had come by! But there was no appeal, so Mr. Straggles went back to Hungerford, and there had to wait half an hour for the next chance, in which interval the tide turned the wrong way. But at last the hospital *Watson*, No. 9, received him, and he got fairly off, looking ruefully at the unavailable ticket he had before taken, and munching his cherries, rather than enjoying them.

But the journey to Greenwich by water on a bright afternoon, with a white-bait dinner in anticipation, is not calculated to nourish blue devils, albeit it

does good to spirits generally. There is so much to look at, and it is always amusing, even if you have gone backwards and forwards every day, from the restless, scuffling, swarming steamers, to the lumbering barges that will get in the way of everything by choice, as the man, pulling them by the heavy oars—or rather conceiving that he does so—appears as disproportioned to his work as the diligent flea who draws the man of war. Old tumble down wharfs, and crazy public houses with singularly unsafe galleries, and warehouses so lofty that they have as many stories as the "Arabian Nights," as Mr. Straggles pleasantly observed: little boys bathing in the mud under the shelter of stranded lighters: heavy continental boats, like drowsy Leviathans just breathing from their funnels, with their crew idling over the sides; huge manufactories of articles hitherto unheard of, or scarcely supposed important enough to have a room to themselves; and a border of flag staffs, steeples, chimneys, scaffolds, and more ships, out and away at the distance, and apparently built into the very heart of London,—all these things furnish plenty to look at. And so Mr. Straggles forgot his lost ticket, and determined to make up for his loss by not having a cigar for two days, unless somebody gave him one.

He got to Greenwich safely, and found Mr. Flitter on the terrace, accompanied by whom, he went to one of the taverns that look so agreeably on the realms of the whitebait beyond the hospital. There was a large private dinner in the regular coffee-room, so a smaller apartment on the ground floor had been substituted for it, and here Mr. Flitter and Mr. Straggles unfolded his napkin, and disposed his green and white wine-glasses, and assumed the air of a *bon-vivant*, as though he had always dined at the Clarendon.

The room was quite full. There was that pleasant buzz of life which always makes a coffee-room dinner so agreeable, and, to our thinking, assists digestion. Mr. Flitter ordered a course of fish,—the usual thing," he said, "with a nuck and pease, or something of the sort;" and then inquired of his friend what he usually drank.

Mr. Straggles generally took half-and-half; but the elegant atmosphere of the room, and the contiguity of ladies, awed and refined his feelings, and he suggested "pale ale."

"Oh, of course," said Mr. Flitter: "but I mean besides. Punch you know."

"Certainly: certainly," said Mr. Straggles.

"And Badminton, eh? of course some Badminton," continued Mr. Flitter.

"Of course," said Mr. Straggles, as he felt that the ladies were looking at them. But if Mr. Flitter, instead of Badminton, had suggested Chippenhams, or Devises, or Cricklade Cup, the answer would have been the same.

The fish was brought, and then, in his first excitement, Mr. Straggles quietly told Mr. Flitter that he had never dined at Greenwich before. Whereupon Mr. Flitter told him to eat lots of everything, and then he would do the proper thing.

So Mr. Straggles commenced with water-souchee (which at first he conceived to be flounder broth), and ate all the parsley into the bargain; and then got timid at the imposing waiter who came to change his plate, and said he preferred the same. But this the man would not allow by any means, and took it away with a strong minded effort, after which Mr. Straggles was lost in admiration of the stewed eels: and in wonder at the pickles which nestled amidst the salmon cutlets: and in fear at the pyramid of whitebait which soon made its appearance, so much so, that he drank deeply of punch to regain his presence of mind. And then he watched Mr. Flitter closely,—how he slanted his plate with a wedge of bread, whilst he squeezed the lemon over the cayenne pepper,—how he helped himself recklessly to ravenous quantities, and devoured them as voraciously. All this Mr. Straggles did, ever to slapping one bit of brown bread and butter upon another, face to face, as carelessly as though he had done so for years.

"Well, Straggy," said Mr. Flitter, "what do you think of white bait? What are they like?"

"I can't make out," replied his friend. "Baked curl papers, I should say, were the nearest things to them. But the bread and butter's first rate."

"More bait," ordered Mr. Flitter; and more after that; and then devilled bait; and the Badminton. Capital stuff it was too.

"I'll tell you how to make that," said that gentleman. "Pour out a bottle of Vin Ordinaire into a jug, and shoot a bottle of soda water into it. Add some sugar and some knobs of Wenham ice. Put a suspicion of your favourite liqueur, or a phantom of lemonpeel into it, and there you are. Ah!"

This last expression accompanied a deep draught, which Mr. Straggles imitated to perfection, as the devilled bait had made his throat all of a blaze. And upon this he put pale ale, finishing with champagne, which Mr. Flitter would order.

"I don't seem to care much about anything more to eat," said Mr. Straggles, as he felt the whitebait almost up to his throat.

"Oh, but you must. Here are lovely peas: and duck too: or perhaps you'd like some of this ham."

Mr. Straggles thought he would; it was less to eat. But it was so salt that he was obliged to have some more Badminton, and soon got very jolly, indeed.

"This is doing it, Joe, is n't it?" he said.

"Rather," answered Mr. Flitter. "Waiter, some of that old Port."

"And strawberries, sir."—"Yes, sir," replied the man.

The dessert came; and the day wore away. The sunset-gun was fired; the yachts below the taverns took down their flags; and the lights alone, before long, marked the passage of the steamers towards the pool. The company, too, left the coffee-room; but the large party upstairs, who were going to finish with a ball, kept the tavern alive; and as, in addition, Mr. Flitter told the waiters he expected a friend to sup there before he started from the Aberdeen Wharf at midnight, they were not disturbed. Mr. Straggles had drunk himself into a halo of poetry and romance, and when the band above played "The Standard Bearer Quadrilles," he sang the song so loudly that the boys below the windows cheered him for very admiration. All this time Mr. Flitter was looking anxiously from the window upon the river, as, like Mariana, he gazed "athwart the glooming flats" of the Isle of Dogs. At last he said, when Mr. Straggles had uttered his dying declaration that he would not name the lady of his love,

"Straggy! you have n't such a thing as five pounds about you, have you?"

"I lord, Joe! no!" replied Mr. Straggles, as much astonished at the possibility even of such a thing being entertained for an instant by his friend, as agast at the question.

"Because," continued Mr. Flitter, "I must have had my pocket picked coming down; I can't find my purse."

"Why! what can we do?" cried Mr. Straggles, now in real terror.



"Well, I can't see exactly; we must get away without paying."  
"Without paying! Now, Joe, don't! we shall be taken up for swindlers."

"We shall, if we stay," said Mr. Flitter. "But of course I shall pay; you shall bring back the money."

"I won't go away," answered Mr. Straggles, now quite gravely. "I'll stop in pawn."

"You can't. Now, look here, Straggy. Would you ruin me—your friend, and dash down ten thousand pounds at a blow. Ha! here he is—stop!"

As he spoke the plash of a pair of sculls was heard, and a boat came underneath the window. A waiter entered the room at the same time so that Mr. Flitter could not attend to it; but he ordered coffee, and, the minute the door closed, he beckoned to the waterman, who stuck a note on the boat-hook, and gave it to him.

"I thought so," said Mr. Flitter, as he read it hurriedly. "Some of them have seen me in London, and Sloman knows I'm here. It's about the time, too. Wait a minute."

Mr. Straggles did as he was ordered—he could do nothing else—and waited in great fear and trepidation.

As soon as the coffee was brought, Mr. Flitter placed a bottle of wine that was on the sideboard in Mr. Straggles's hand; and, assuming a determined sepulchral voice, pointed to the river and said,

"Descend into the boat!"

"What! there! Pooh! stuff! I can't. What do you mean?"

"What I say; the bailiffs are after me; and I should n't wonder if they take you, too as an accomplice. Get into the boat; we have not a second to spare. Away!"

Bewildered with the dilemma and the drink, Mr. Straggles took the bottle, and climbed down the ironwork in front of the window, scarcely knowing what he did. Mr. Flitter followed, when, as he was stepping down, he heard a cry, followed by a plunge amongst the billows on his lee which the last steamer had called up, and, on turning round, could just see the luckless Straggles disappearing under the surface of the water, his hand in the air, however, clutching the brandy-bottle as firmly as his friend, "The Standard Bearer," ever did his colours. In his flurry he had stepped on the side of the boat and gone over. Fortunately, however, it was not deep. Mr. Flitter and the waterman pulled him in again; and then the former said, "Go-a-head!" as the dark form of the Boulogne boat was observable coming down the river.

"Now, give way!" he said. "Get as close as you can on her larboard side, and go as if you were trying to race her."

As Mr. Flitter had expected, there was somebody on board looking out. When the boat came up the man pulled near enough to her paddles to be interesting; a rope was thrown out and caught, and, when it was dragged amidst the boiling water in their wake to the side, Mr. Flitter pulled Mr. Straggles after him, and they stood on the deck. The waterman received a few shillings; a hurried recognition passed with the steward, who appeared to be a friend; a waiter was seen looking out of the distant coffee-room; and the Boulogne boat kept on as if nothing had happened.

"I'm dripping!" were the first words that Mr. Straggles uttered, as, with chattering teeth and trembling form, he formed a small pond about him on the deck, till it ran out at the scuppers.

"Dear! dear! of course you are," said Mr. Flitter. "Here, come down to a berth, and get off your clothes as quickly as possible, and take some brandy."

Mr. Flitter dragged Mr. Straggles down to the cabin, and assisted me to skin off his wet clothing. Then making him swallow a glass of pure brandy, he put him into a berth, and told him to keep warm whilst his clothes were dried in the engine room; and that he would let him know when they were near Grave-end, where he could be at once put on board the first steamer that was going up to town in the morning.

Mr. Straggles had curious visions. He dreamt he was a whitebait in a river of Badminton, wearing patent boots with red tops, and fighting for liberty and truth as Mr. Flitter's standard-bearer; then everybody he knew in the world was dining with him in a vast coffee-room, where all the tables kept going round and round in the air like an up-and-down at a fair, when the river rose, and all the fish got out of their dishes and attacked the company, until they called in the pensioners, who drove them out of the window; and a beautiful girl of the party was just going to ask him to take her out for a row in a continental steamer, he awoke.

It was broad daylight. The paddles had ceased to work, and the people had left their berths, and were now rushing down and snatching bags and baskets from remote corners of the cabin, ere they hurried up again. There were many feet shuffling over head, and uncouth voices were heard vociferating unintelligibly all at once.

"Gravesend!" cried Mr. Straggles as he started up; "and I am undressed! Hallo! steward, where are my things?"

"All right, sir," said the man bringing his clothes dry and folded. "We've had a rough passage though."

"Passage! Why, where are we?"

"I thought you'd wonder," said the steward. "You slept so heavily we could not rouse you all we could do; so Mr. Flitter said we had better leave you alone. Where do you go?"

"Oh! back to London by the next boat."

"Yes, sir, that's the 'Harlequin,' she goes at twelve to-night; and there's the 'Magician' to Dover; and the 'Queen of the French' to Folkestone, at eight to-morrow morning."

"Dover! Folkestone!" gasped Mr. Straggles. "What the devil do you mean! Where am I?"

"Just under the *douane*, sir, in Boulogne harbour," was the reply.

Mr. Straggles gave a shriek of anguish, and, covering his face with the sheet, to the discomfort of his legs, gave way to the wildest despair.

## A VISIT TO PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

(From the Naval and Military Gazette.)

Her Majesty's brig *Spy* arrived off this island on the 26th of February, about ten o'clock in the morning, and was boarded by George Adams and some more natives shortly after she hove to. George Adams is the son of the celebrated John Adams, the father of the colony. Went ashore in cutter, piloted by George Adams. Landing place a very small sandy beach with many rocks, and in the least treeless impracticable. We were met on the beach by some of the natives, who cordially welcomed us to Pitcairn's Island, and showed us the way to the market-place up a steep and rugged path, winding along the cliff,

and through a beautiful variety of all kinds of tropical flowers and shrubs.—The scene when we arrived at the summit was picturesque in the extreme.—The whole of the natives, men, women and children, headed by Mr. Nopps, the schoolmaster, had assembled in a space of about half an acre square, carpeted with thick soft grass, and canopied overhead by the spreading branches of cocoa-nut trees, to meet the strangers, all of them being dressed in their gayest. Their welcome was warm, all of them advancing and shaking us by the hand, and addressing us in perfectly good English. We were extremely pleased by their quiet and decorous behaviour. As soon as we had made acquaintance with them all, we were led through gently winding paths to the principal village, where the court-house and church stands, as there were one or two slight disagreements about land, which they wished to be brought before Lieutenant Wooldridge, commander of the *Spy*, and who very speedily disposed of them without their having evinced, either during the investigation or afterwards, the least feeling of discontent or displeasure. The church is a neat building, well arranged, with a pulpit and benches, and is used as well for a courthouse as a church. Mr. Nopps, the schoolmaster, performs the various offices. We were shown the old gun belonging to the *Bounty*, that had been under water for fifty six years, and which was now lying near the court house. We visited old Adam's house and grave, the last of which is situated in a beautiful spot next to his wife's grave, and kept in trim order. After rambling about, and visiting one or two of the inhabitants who were not well (one of whom had wounded himself with his gun while out shooting goats a short time before we arrived, but was doing well), we returned to dinner, which had been prepared for us at M'Coy's house, and consisted of pork, yams and sweet potatoes. Each family on the island take it in turn to entertain strangers, when they arrive, and never accept any reward. Their food is principally vegetables, of which they have almost every kind, and twice a week meat or fish; but there is difficulty in getting the latter, as the fishing ground is bad and water very deep. The animals on the island are goats, which are wild, pigs, and fowls. Their houses are the perfection of cleanliness and good order, and each person has his plot of ground to cultivate. Their form of government is simple.—They elect a magistrate every twelve months, upon which occasion every man and woman above eighteen is entitled to a vote; and, if married before that age, they are allowed a vote in consequence. The magistrate then chooses an assistant, and the remainder of the people choose again another, who acts as a sort of check, which is, indeed, little wanted—for there is no place in the world where such perfect unanimity and good feeling exist as in this happy island. The number of inhabitants is 134, but the island can support many more, and they increase but slowly. The island itself is only four miles and a half in circumference. We heard with pleasure that though several whalers touch there, yet, in no instance, had any impropriety been committed; forty-six whalers, mostly American, had called during the year 1846. They all appeared to talk of Adams with the greatest respect, and seemed to have a strong feeling of the crime that their ancestors committed in mutinying. They talked in the most affectionate loyal way of "our Queen," and appeared exceedingly proud of being English—but complained that they were so neglected, the *Spy* having been the first man-of-war which had visited them for more than three years. They however, were quite satisfied when told that the exigencies of the service had lately prevented their being visited so often. They begged earnestly for a visit by a man-of-war as often as she could be spared from other duties; but, as George Adams remarked, they "could not complain, as the Government have already been kinder to them than they deserved." Before our leaving, the women came after us with little presents and keepsakes, such as locks of hair, whale's teeth, and other little curiosities, refusing to be rewarded in any way. We took some of their names down, as they struck us as being as pretty as the fair owners themselves—Marian, Louisa, Emily, were among the prettiest. Marian Christian was a beautiful girl, with quite a Grecian cast of countenance, and very kindly allowed her likeness to be taken by one of our party. Their way of dressing the hair is odd, it being rolled up in a conical fashion at the back of the head. Their dress, when they do not wear the European one, is simple, consisting of only a sort of a skirt of some dark colour, with an upper short petticoat of white stuff, and a handkerchief tied loosely round the neck.

At last having loaded the cutter with eatables, which was obliged to lie off on account of the increasing surf, and it being nearly sunset, we were obliged to tear ourselves very unwillingly from this enchanted island, though all came round to beg us not to go, but to stop one night—only one with them; and finding they could not succeed, accompanied us down to the beach, where we embarked in canoes to take us off through the rollers to the cutter. They embraced us all most affectionately, asking us to write and remember them to their friends in England, particularly to Capt. Hunt, formerly of the *Basilisk*, whom they seemed to have a vivid recollection of. The embarkation of the cutter was accomplished safely, and we gave them three hearty cheers, and accompanied by George Adams and Christian, we got on board the *Spy*; and after their remaining a short time with us, and being very much delighted with a couple of rockets that were fired, they bid us good bye, when we filled and made sail for Valparaiso.

## ARTIFICIAL COLD.

SINCE the days of that dissipated heathen who, in order to cool the air during an oppressive summer, caused mountains of snow to be piled up, and suffered them to melt away, down to the present era, in which there prevails a rage for the thing, mankind has been incessantly in quest of refrigeratives.—In those regions where ice and snow are found during winter, it became an easy expedient to store up such treasure, of cold for use in warmer seasons; but where, if formed at all, they could only be of a momentary existence, it is manifest that some other means must be devised to supply the luxury of coldness to the noble and wealthy; and thus the art of artificial refrigeration—an art which has to boast of the elaborate researches of the ingenious Robert Boyle, and has occupied much of the consideration of other philosophers before and since—took its origin. We have already taken notice of the now prevalent use and means of procuring beautiful ice for the table: we shall here present a brief sketch of the history, and a short notice of the methods, of producing cold artificially.

Cold, as a luxury, was far from being unknown to the ancients. The winter's snow or ice was rudely gathered up in heaps, or buried in pits, and covered with straw or chaff. But this was a wasteful, and grew to be an expensive method; and it became desirable to have ready means at every season, and independently of the accidents of the skies, for obtaining the same end. The simplest of these proceeded on the principle of loss of temperature, as a result of rapid evaporations. The Egyptians were accustomed to cool their water by placing it in earthen pitchers the exterior of which was kept constantly wet by being sprinkled with water by slaves. It was the habit of one of their luxurious monarchs to have several servants for this office, alone,



whose duties were to expose the water to cool on the summit of the palace, and constantly supply the royal table with the beverage. Cooling pits were also dug in the earth, into which the water-vessels were placed during the daytime; the exterior being well soaked with water, and then surrounded with the fresh leaves of a vine or other plant, evaporation rapidly went on, and the liquid became most agreeably cool. Another method is said to be mentioned by Plutarch, which was by casting into the water a number of small stones, the agitation and consequent evaporation produced by which would probably exercise a slightly frigorific power over the water. It was probably an accidental observation of what could not have failed to have been an everyday occurrence, that led to the next improvement in this method of refrigeration. Many of the earthen vessels of the Egyptians are made of unglazed ware: water placed in one of these was found to be considerably cooler than when kept in other vessels; and the more open and porous the material, the more rapid the transudation of the water, and its evaporation from the surface of the jars, and the greater the degree of cold obtained. Water-vases were then formed for that purpose solely; and the invention, unaltered in principle, has come down with increasing usefulness to the present time. Illustrations of the second great chemical law—that liquefaction produces cold—next followed.—For ages in India, it had been the practice to cool beverages in that burning climate by dissolving saltpetre in water. From India the practice made its way into Europe; and Beckmann states that a Spanish physician, Blarius Villa Franca, practising at Rome, first introduced this method of producing cold in Italy about the middle of the sixteenth century. It is related that wine, placed in this mixture, was cooled to a degree making it almost intolerable to the teeth; and this was a considerable step in the history of artificial cold.—Other saline substances came into use, and pits were formed into which, on the large scale, the water to be cooled was put in vessels, surrounded by the cooling mixture. Finally came the important discovery, that an intensely-freezing mixture was capable of being formed by mixing snow or ice, and salt, together. A celebrated physician electrified a large audience by exhibiting its effects upon a bottle of wine, which he actually froze into ice; and this new method of freezing water is also mentioned by Lord Bacon. Such are the conditions under which this subject has been handed down to existing posterity.

A little consideration of the processes described in this cursory sketch of the chemical progress of the luxury, will show us that they are all reducible to the two axioms—that evaporation and liquefaction create cold. The philosophy of which facts is simply, that in the change of condition from a fluid to a vapour, and from a solid to a fluid, there is a change in the capacity for caloric. If a certain measure of water is to become vaporized, or if a certain weight of salt is to become a solution, these changes cannot occur without the water and the salt receiving an additional supply of heat, which is of course abstracted from all surrounding bodies; and the abstraction of heat being an equivalent expression to the production of cold, we are brought back to the truths with which we commenced, and have seen how evaporation and liquefaction produce cold. Caloric disappears in both cases, and, burying itself among the particles of the new product, is said to have become latent. There are some facts connected with the production of artificial ice which deserve mention here. The congelation of water is materially promoted by rapid motion. Water has, in fact, been cooled, and yet remained quite fluid, many degrees below the temperature at which it generally becomes ice; but the moment a little movement was communicated to the liquid, instantly the temperature rose to 32 degrees, and the mass became ice, needle-like crystals flying through its substance in a most curious manner. This fact was seized upon by the refrigerators, and repeated accounts of making artificial ice are extant, in which much stress is evidently laid upon the act of stirring the fluid to be frozen rapidly round with a stick. The experience of mankind also appears to have discovered that water, after it has been boiled, freezes more rapidly than otherwise. It is a custom among many nations of warm climates either to warm the water in the sun, or to boil it, previous to attempting to reduce its temperature. Dr. Black of Edinburgh published some experiments undertaken to determine the question; and his results were, that boiled water does freeze a little more rapidly than unboiled. The fact of boiling expels the air; and as in freezing a similar expulsion takes place, a step is gained in advance of the unboiled liquid.

The means in present use for artificial refrigeration are very various, some of them very interesting. Among these, the employment of porous earthenware may receive an early place. The Moors, introduced into Spain this article of luxury, in the shape of very elegant vases, wonderfully light and porous. Water kept in these became rapidly deliciously cool, and, from some peculiarity in the process of the manufacture of the vessels, it acquired, in addition, a very agreeable flavour. In Egypt, and in India, and in most sultry regions, this expedient is at the present time a very prevalent one. It has also for some time been extensively employed amongst ourselves—porous wine, butter, and water coolers, of many elegant designs, being now produced at our potteries. But porous ware keeps water coolest where the climate is hottest, the very increment of heat being made to react in the production of cold by rapid evaporation. The Moorish name for their earthen jugs was *Alcarrazos*, or *Bucarros*. The Arabs, burnt up with the eternal fire of their scorching country, make use of goat-skins for their water vessels, which suffer a little water slowly to exude, and thus keep the remainder comparatively cool. A common method of cooling wines in India, is one which will almost appear a paradox: the bottle is wrapped in flannel wetted with water, and placed directly in the rays of the sun; violent evaporation ensues, and the wine actually becomes very cold. It is a common plan, too, for sailors, in warm latitudes, to cover their wine with cloths constantly wetted. Apartments are cooled on a similar principle, and an abundance of water is frequently dashed against the walls of the room, with the most grateful effect. In India, also, the cold, so dangerous and penetrating on a clear night, is applied in a peculiar manner for the purpose of freezing water. Near Calcutta, in an open plain, there are large shallow excavations made in the ground, and filled with straw; upon this many rows of small, shallow, porous pans, filled with water, are placed at sunset. During the night ice forms in thin cakes upon the surface of these pans: it is carefully removed before sunrise, carried to a proper repository, and pounded into a mass there, and then covered over with blankets. This manufacture can only be pursued during the months of December, January, and February; and in the districts where the ice is formed in this manner, it is never produced naturally. This ingenious process must wholly disappear before the new import of Wenham Lake ice. What a revolution has commerce effected in India, when we remember that early travellers in that country were looked upon as liars and impostors for asserting the possibility of solidifying water into ice!

Where saline substances are cheap, the more powerful mode of refrigeration has been the use of the frigorific mixture. Some of these mixtures are capable of producing the most intense cold known to philosophy.\* Dissolving saltpetre in water creates a very useful degree of cold; and where the salt is plentiful, as in India, it has long been employed for this purpose. It was the peculiar duty of one domestic to cool beverages for the table by this means, who received the impregnated solution for his perquisite. Where, however, snow or ice is procurable, the intensity of the freezing mixture rises to its higher points. Snow and salt produce a mixture which was deemed by Fahrenheit to be of the greatest possible degree of cold. This was the temperature of his zero. Our confectioners are in the habit of using for their craft a mixture of pounded ice and salt. The substance known as chloride of calcium, mixed with snow, produces a most severe cold, sufficiently great to freeze mercury. Mr. Walker, to whose interesting experiments upon this subject it stands much indebted, was on one occasion able, by successive coolings, to attain a depth of cold equal to 91 degrees below Fahrenheit's unhappy zero. In the laboratory of the chemist, great degrees of cold are procurable by the use of highly volatile liquids for evaporation. Every juvenile chemist's ears have tingled with the startling enunciation of the possibility of freezing a man to death in the height of summer, by wetting him constantly with ether—which is, however, a fact hitherto undemonstrated. The sulphuret of carbon, and, more recently, liquid sulphurous acid, both of them exceedingly volatile fluids, create intense cold by their evaporation. The almost magical experiments of M. Boutigny, in which water was frozen in a red-hot crucible, were effected by the assistance of sulphurous acid in the liquid form. The remarkable substance, liquid carbonic acid, takes the highest rank as a frigorific agent known. Mr. Addams of Kensington actually manufactures this curious liquid as an article of commerce, and has occasionally as much as nine gallons of it in store. In drawing it from its powerful reservoirs, it evaporates so rapidly, as to freeze itself, and it is then a light porous mass, like snow. If a small quantity of this is drenched with ether, the degree of cold produced is even more intolerable to the touch than boiling water! a drop or two of the mixture producing blisters, just as if the skin had been burned. Mr. Addams states, that in eight minutes he has frozen in this way a mass of mercury weighing ten pounds.

There have been some mechanical contrivances for the manufacture of ice. Evaporation may be accelerated mechanically to a degree so great, as to produce ice in considerable quantities, and this is the principle of Sir John Leslie's celebrated freezing apparatus. In conducting some experiments upon the rarefaction of air, he was led to conceive the idea of manufacturing ice on a large scale from a little phenomenon observed in the receiver of his air-pump. Introducing a watch-glass full of water, and in contact with sulphuric acid, into the receiver of his air-pump, and on making a few strokes with the piston, the water was converted into a mass of solid ice! With a body of parched oatmeal instead of the acid as the absorbent of moisture, he froze a pound and a quarter of water into ice. Experiments on the large scale followed; powerful machines were constructed, and various improvements were adopted in the apparatus, all tending to facilitate its application to the wants or luxuries of mankind. Several of these machines have been exported into hot climates. Dr. Ure suggested steam as the vacuising power; and the idea has been conceived, that wherever a steam-engine is employed, there an ice apparatus might be erected and sustained at a trifling cost, with great prospect of productiveness.

The most recent ice-machine is "Masters's Apparatus," the principal feature of which is, that a metallic cylinder is made to undergo rapid rotation in a freezing mixture, the motion appearing in a singular manner to expedite and facilitate the process.

Some account of the application of artificial cold may perhaps suitably conclude our paper. For some time the ingenuity of men in this particular developed itself no further than in simply cooling wine and other beverages; but a more refined and even elegant mode of doing so was afterwards discovered. In Boyle's "History of Cold," it is stated that he was accustomed to make wine-cups of ice, by means of tin moulds, for use in hot weather; pleasant trifles, as he calls them, which imparted a delicious coolness to the wine poured into them. In an old romance, named the "Argenis," a dinner in summer is described, at which fresh apples half-incrusted with ice, and a basin of ice filled with wine, were among the curiosities upon the table. Then came the invention of water-ices by one Procope, an Italian, who had an immense sale for them in Paris. Cream ices, and the iced juice of fruits, were then made, and found a rapid consumption. More recently, the art of the confectioner has applied this process to imitate many kinds of fruit and peaches—apricots and nectarines of ice—copying the originals with curious fidelity.

### THE LAST MELODY.

The Emperor Alexander was dead. His next brother, the Grand-Duke Constantine, was the natural successor to the throne of Russia, but, by a deed, till then kept secret, Constantine, in Alexander's lifetime, had renounced his claim to the throne in favor of his younger brother, the present Emperor Nicholas. The accession of the latter to the throne, on the death of Alexander, not only excited general surprise, but an unsettled feeling soon manifested itself amongst the people and the army. The time appeared favorable for the breaking out of the conspiracy that had been forming for some years; and an insurrection took place at St. Petersburg, on Christmas day, 1825; but the movement of the conspirators was too hasty, and their attempt not being well seconded by the troops, failed.

One hundred and thirty-six leaders of the rebellion were seized, tried, and condemned; and almost all of them were sentenced to perpetual labor, or to exile in Siberia. The five principal chiefs were condemned to be broken on the wheel, but did not undergo that punishment, the gibbet being substituted by an ukase of the Emperor.

Among these five chiefs, the first and most remarkable was Paul Pestel, Colonel of the infantry regiment of Wiatka.

The long and arduous task to which he had devoted himself had not wholly engrossed the mind of this brave and persevering conspirator. Alive to the charms of the arts, he cultivated them with success, and, in particular, he was an excellent musician.

The young and beautiful Catherine W—— had conceived a devoted attachment to Pestel. Gifted with an exquisite voice, she loved to sing his melodies. The passion with which she him inspired was equally fervent as her own; and if ever the brave conspirator could forget his gloomy reveries, it

\* It will be noticed, that throughout this article the term cold is made use of for convenience sake, as if it indicated a positive principle, and were not, as it is, a mere negation.



was when he was seated by Catherine's side, and dreaming of love and happiness.

On the eve of the day when the insurrection was to break out, Pestel, more absorbed than usual, scarcely answered Catherine when she spoke to him, and at times seemed not to hear her.

"What ails you to-day, Paul?" she said, taking his hand, "you do not look at me—you do not speak to me as usual. I never saw you so cold, so absent when you were with me before."

Pestel looked at her sadly. "What would you do, Catherine, were you never to see me again?"

"I should die!" said Catherine, with enthusiasm, and then added, in a voice of terror,

"But, good God, why this question? Paul, you cannot think of forsaking me?"

Pestel was silent.

"It cannot be," said Catherine: "you have sworn to love me till death."

"Yes, Catherine! while this heart beats it is yours. But," (embracing her with ardent but melancholy tenderness) he added, "promise me, Catherine, if I die that you will live for the sake of your old father, and that, even when I'm dead, I shall never cease to occupy your thoughts."

"I promise you to live as long as my grief will allow me. But, Paul, it is not I who shall have to undergo this cruel trial."

"There are presentiments, Catherine, which I cannot mistake," said Pestel, declining his head on his breast; "an inward monitor warns me that I must abandon my two visions of happiness—the bliss of living in the enjoyment of your love, Catherine, and the glory of securing the freedom and independence of my country."

"What do you mean?" said Catherine, whose [fear and agitation increased every moment, "what mean these mysterious words, these gloomy predictions? Paul, you are concealing a secret from me."

"Yes, Catherine."

"A secret from me, Paul, who have never kept one from you!"

"You have had all mine—but this does not belong to me."

"Alas! if I imagined from your looks, your words, your thoughts of death and parting, it must be something very terrible!"

"It is terrible, indeed!"

After a moment's silence, Pestel continued,

"Hear me Catherine: when I give you my parting kiss this morning, it may perhaps be the last you will ever receive from me. But, whatever may be my lot, if you are told, 'Paul is dead,' come, and you shall find a remembrance of me for you! for I swear to you, Catherine, my last thought shall be of you."

Pestel's presentiment did not deceive him! He saw her no more.

The day after the execution of his sentence, a young female, bathed in tears, obtained permission to visit his cell. It was Catherine. After a long search, she discovered some lines of music pencilled on the wall. Above them, there was only two words, "For Her!" Underneath was Paul's name.

Two years after a poor maniac died in a lunatic asylum, whose madness consisted in singing, every day, at the same hour, the same little melody that was pencilled on the wall of the cell. The poor maniac was Catherine—and the air she sang was—*The last melody of Pestel.*

Home Journal.

### GUTTA PERCHA.

There are some substances in nature which appear expressly intended to fill a sphere of utility peculiar to themselves, and for which no substitutes, or virtually none, seem capable of being discovered. Caoutchouc was one of these, *gutta percha* is another. This substance is of recent introduction into England, having been first brought under the notice of the Society of Arts in the autumn of 1843. The history of its discovery is thus given by Dr. Mongerie:—

"While at Singapore in 1842, I on one occasion observed, in the hands of a Malayan woodman, the handle of a *parang* made of a substance which appeared quite new to me. My curiosity was excited, and on inquiry, I found it was made of the *gutta percha*, and that it could be moulded into any form, by simply dipping into boiling water until it became heated throughout, when it became plastic as clay, and when cold, regained, unchanged, its original hardness and rigidity. I immediately possessed myself of the article, and desired the man to fetch me as much more of it as he could get. On making some experiments with it, I at once discovered that, if procurable in large quantities, it would become extensively useful." The discovery was communicated to the Medical Board of Calcutta, and subsequently to the Society of Arts in London, and the announcement met with immediate attention in both quarters. Orders for considerable quantities were transmitted, and the *gutta percha* trade, for such it has become, assumed a definite organisation.

The tree from which it is procured is stated by Sir W. J. Hooker to belong to the natural order *Sapotaceæ*. It is found in abundance in many places in the Island of Singapore, and in some dense forests at the extremity of the Malayan peninsula. The discoverer having applied to the celebrated and enterprising Mr. Brook, requesting him to make inquiries for the tree at Sarawak, and on the west coast of Borneo, received the following communication from that gentleman:—"The tree is called *Niato* by the Sarawak people, but they are not acquainted with the properties of the sap: it attains a considerable size, even as large as six feet diameter; it is plentiful in Sarawak, and most probably all over the island of Borneo." The tree is stated to be one of the largest in the forests in which it is found, frequently attaining to the diameter of three or four feet, and occasionally to that above mentioned. The timber is valueless for building purposes, on account of the loose and open character of its tissue; but the tree bears a fruit which yields a concrete oil, used for food by the natives. *Gutta percha* is contained in the sap, and is thus procured:—A magnificent tree of perhaps fifty or one hundred years' growth, is felled; the bark is stripped off, and a milky juice, which exudes from the lacerated surfaces, is collected, and poured into a trough, formed by the hollow stem of the plantain leaf. On exposure to the air, the juice quickly coagulates. From twenty to thirty pounds is the average produce of one tree. This wasteful, sinful procedure, is adopted to a large extent, as may be conceived from the amount of the *gutta* now imported reaching many hundreds of tons annually. The inevitable consequence of such an extravagant short-sightedness it is not difficult to predict; and we may confidently expect, that if measures are not taken to remedy the evil, *gutta percha* will in time cease to form an article of commerce, and exist only as a rarity in the cabinets of the curious, or in the hands of the instrument-maker. There is every reason to believe, could this greedy spirit be restrained, that an abundant sup-

ply might be obtained by simply making incisions in the bark of the tree, as in the case of the caoutchouc trees, and thus perennal supply would be insured.

*Gutta percha* comes to us in two forms; the one in which it is in thin films or scraps, something similar to clippings of white leather; the other is in rolls, which, on a cross section, show that they are formed by rolling the thin layers together in a soft state. When pure, the slips are transparent, and somewhat elastic, varying in colour from a whitish-yellow to a pink. In the mass it is seldom free from some impurities—such as saw-dust, pieces of leaves, &c.—which must be removed before it is applicable for some of the more delicate uses proposed for the substance. It is purified by a process called "devilling," or kneading, which is done in hot water: the water soon dissolves some of the foreign matters, and washes out others, until after a short time the *gutta percha* is left in a mass, ductile, soft, and plastic, of a whitish-grey colour. Or this is more simply effected by dividing the substance into fragments, and then submitting them to a slightly-prolonged boiling in water. From the docile nature of the material, neither of these processes is attended with the difficulties attaching to the manipulation requisite for caoutchouc. *Gutta percha* thus prepared for use possesses very curious properties. Below the temperature of 50 degrees, it is as hard as wood, but it will receive an indentation from the finger nail. It is excessively tough, and only flexible in the condition of thin slips: in the mass, it has a good deal the appearance, and something of the feel, of horn; its texture is somewhat fibrous; and from the resistance it offers to anything rubbed across it, it appears that it was first used as a substitute for horn for the handles of knives and choppers. By an increase of heat, it becomes more flexible, until, at a temperature considerably below the boiling point of water, the once rigid, tough, and obdurate mass becomes like so much softened bees'-wax. It is now easily cut and divided in any manner by a knife, and may be moulded into all varieties of form with the greatest ease; or may be cut and united again so perfectly, as scarcely to exhibit even the appearance of a joint, and possessing all the strength of an undivided mass. From a number of very small fragments it is quite easy to form a coherent mass, as firm as if no division had taken place. Whatever be the shape into which the *gutta percha* is now formed, it will retain precisely the same form as it cools, hardening again to its previous state of rigidity. A ball one inch in diameter was completely softened by boiling for ten minutes, and regained its hardness entirely in half an hour. It is an important fact, that these processes may be alternated any number of times without injury to the material. It is in a great measure devoid of elasticity, offering a striking contrast to caoutchouc, but its tenacity is little less than wonderful: a thin slip, an eighth of an inch substance, sustained a weight of forty-two pounds, and only broke with the pressure of fifty-six pounds. It offers great resistance to an extending power; but when drawn out, it remains without contracting in the same position. When in its hard state, it is cut with incredible difficulty by the knife or saw. Like caoutchouc, it burns brightly when lighted, disengaging the peculiar odour accompanying the combustion of that substance; like it also, it is soluble with difficulty in ether and other caoutchouc solvents, but very readily in oil of turpentine.

We may now properly consider the application of this substance. The solution appears to be as well adapted as that of India-rubber for the manufacture of waterproof cloth, and for the purposes to which that liquid is applied. In the solid state, it is in use among the Malays principally for the purpose before mentioned; and they adopt it in preference to wood and horn, even where the latter is attainable. There are a number of cases also in which it appears likely to become an admirable substitute for leather, possessing, as it does, some properties in common with, and some vastly superior to those of that material. Its value has been readily recognised by our inventors, no less than six patents being already in existence having reference to this material. In these it is proposed to apply *gutta percha* as an ingredient in mastics and cements; for the manufacture of a thread which is used to form piece goods, ribbons, paper, and other articles; as a substitute for caoutchouc in binding books; for waterproofing boots, shoes, and other articles of apparel; for the manufacture of flexible hose, tubes, bottles, &c. But the most comprehensive is the patent of Mr. Hancock, who has instituted a series of curious experiments upon this remarkable substance. He unites the *gutta percha* with caoutchouc and another substance called *jintawan*, by which an elastic material results, which is impervious to, and insoluble in, water. The hardness or elasticity of the compound is easily determined by the alternation of the amount of *gutta percha*: the latter is added in larger quantity if firmness is requisite, and *vice versa* if flexibility and elasticity are necessary. From this mixture a very curious substance, light, porous, and spongy, is prepared, suitable for stuffing or forming the seats of chairs, cushions, mattresses, &c.; it also forms springs for clocks, clasps, belts, garters, and string. By an alteration of the process, much hardness is acquired, and moulds and balls of the material are capable of being turned in a lathe, and otherwise treated like ivory. In this state it offers itself for a thousand other offices; thus it may be formed into excellent picture-frames, incredibly tough walking-sticks, door-handles, chess-men, sword and knife handles, buttons, combs, and flutes. It has also been proposed as a material for forming the embossed alphabets and maps for the blind, on account of the clear sharp impression it is capable of receiving and retaining. It has been suggested that it would make a good, certainly a harmless, stopping for decayed teeth. It is also an excellent matrix for receiving the impression of medals and coins, and is valuable on account of its subsequent non-liability to break. By mixing a proper portion of sulphuric acid with it, or adding a portion of wax or tallow, it may be reduced to any degree of solubility, and furnishes a good varnish, quite impermeable to water. Mr. Hancock proposes such a fluid as valuable for amalgamating with colours in printing: it appears probable that this will form an extensive application of the discovery, and that colours so printed will prove as lasting as the fabrics on which they are impressed. Time alone, however, can determine the extent to which *gutta percha* will be applied in the useful and ornamental arts. There appears no doubt that it will soon become an article of commerce as important as, if not more so than, caoutchouc itself; and we believe that its persevering discoverer will have on many occasions, and for many years, to rejoice over the benefits he has been the means of conferring upon the present age by its introduction.

### THE LEGEND OF THE STEPS.

WEST POINT, August 25, 1847.

I promised you, in my last, the Legend of the Steps. Perhaps it hardly deserves that title, possessing as it does a large foundation in fact, and dating back but a few brief years,—not beyond the recollection of the "oldest inhabit-



ant." At all events, a lovelier day, in June, 1790, never dawned upon the blue Hudson than that on which a company of soldiers, lounging upon the decks of the trim sloop "Jane," floated slowly over the bosom of Tappan Zee. At that period a voyage up the Hudson was a work of time—and so thought the officer in command as he trod the deck with an impatient step, and at intervals leaned over the taffrail, gazing at the blue outline which marked the still distant Highlands towards which the vessel was slowly tending.

"You look like anything but a happy Benedict, Fred," remarked a young man in a civilian's dress, who, leaning against a water butt with his feet over the bulwarks, had been watching the ripples just spreading from the side, and amusing himself in aiming chips at the white crests as they sparkled and turned into their liquid beds. "Happy!" rejoined the other, "Happy! and how could one be happy, with a burning impatience, such as I feel, at the heart? Do you suppose I find pleasure in realizing the distance that still separates me from my home; and to be bound down to this sluggish thing of wood and hemp, when I want wings to cleave the space and bear me swiftly to my dear watching wife. Think of it, Harry! Three years absence: twelve months without a line or a message;—and now, within a few paltry miles, condemned to watch the bubbles on the water for hour after hour, as they float by like so many snails": and, hurriedly breaking from his companion, he resumed his rapid pace over the deck. "Wings would never suit him in such a mood," muttered the other,—"nothing but the lightning for him, and then he'd never feel how hot it was."

Evening came creeping over the water with a stealthy foot, chasing the last sunbeams as they fled hastily up the Eastern hills,—until no light remained but that of the moon, which threw upon the waters trembling blades of silver, and painted upon the surface black distorted images of the bold heights which towered almost above the vessel already entering within the range of the Highlands.

The two friends leaned over the side in silence, as the sloop dipped into the dark mountain shadows, like a hare seeking a covert, and anon, as if assured of safety, shot out into the pure moonlight, joyfully clapping her white wings as the breeze freshened.

"What a glorious night!" said Harry; "just such an one as that after your wedding, Fred, when you must needs take a moonlight sail to Washington's valley, and display your power of mental abstraction by bringing up under the rocks on Constitution Island. With what looks of amazement we emptied ourselves upon the romantic strand you had promised, which proved to be a slippery rock about four feet high and fifty yards from shore. If those old cliffs never echoed the voice of man before, they had their fill of it then, when the tide rose and Granger made the important discovery that the bottom-plank was out. Do you recollect the old skipper that took us off? How he edged away when he saw your Lucy's white dress, and thought her a spirit luring him to destruction, (the suspicious old wretch); but his taste for money soon quieted his scruples, when St. John at a venture pitched half a dollar into his crazy craft, and asked him if it felt hot. How the heavy shadow of the island enshrouded us that night, while all beyond was bathed in light, even to the white cascade that sparkled in the cove at the valley, and the glancing of the sentry's musket before the 'Yellow Barracks' on the plain." "Did you ever have a presentiment, Harry?" interrupted the other,—"the thought of some evil, impending and imminent? Did a cloud ever come over your brightest hour, like that little film which is just gliding over the moon:—and when that cloud came, did it poison the very air you drew in, mingling like an infernal vapor with the sweetest draught, and sickening your very soul. And all with no visible cause; but so immovably fixed in your mind that no resolution, no determination could shake off the apprehension which tingled in every nerve, and drove its burning iron into your inmost heart? I felt it on that night, Harry,—and for months since, when quartered in the Indian country on the banks of the Ohio, I have watched the water in just such a moonlight as that, until I saw the slimy rock, and the disabled boat, and Lucy with a face as white as the rose that bound her hair, trembling more for me than herself, and pressing to her side the arm I passed around her, as if to say 'even death shall not separate us.' I thought her already an angel, and I a gross creature of earth; and, Harry, I feel it now; I cannot drive it from my mind. Her face rises on every wave, gazing tenderly into mine, with the wreath over her brown hair, and such a sweet, sad smile playing about her lips. It almost maddens me. Even the ripples are breathing her whispers to my ear;—and look! that foam breaking from the bow is but the waving of her long white dress." And he grasped his friend's arm convulsively.

"It is but a freak of the imagination, Fred," said the other, soothingly; but as he spoke the sloop passed into the murky shadow of a huge mountain, surging slowly along within a stone's throw of the black cliffs, which echoed back the plash of the waves beneath the bow, and sent down a hoarse murmur from the pines that crowned their summits, awakening in the breast an overpowering sense of gloom and desolation. Both speakers felt sensibly the force of the contrast, and in silence retired to the cabin.

Nor was Lucy Gray less anxious for her husband's return; "her officer," as she proudly called him, after aiding him in the morning to adjust his sword belt, and yielding her lips to his farewell kiss. Often she watched him as he walked down the little path from the cottage, and when he turned and with extended hand made her playfully a military salute, she smiled and kissed her fair white palm with mock formality, and retired to her domestic cares with a cheerful heart, for she thought of the meeting which must follow the lapse of a few short hours.

It was now the third day since she had looked for his coming, the weariest day of all, for even now deferred hope was making the heart sick, and the aching sense of apprehension weighed down her soul. She looked in vain during the day, and, as twilight advanced, she would sit listening to the prattling of her child, but with an ear awake to the sudden gush of the breeze, or the creaking of the gate, or the fall of a branch upon the pathway: for it might be his step,—and the next moment his loving arm would be around her,—his noble heart would be pressed to hers, and the tones so musical with affection breathing in her ear.

It was too much: she hastily consigned the child of her love to her little cot for the night, breathed a prayer over her, and eager with hope, nay, a certainty, that but a few hours must elapse before she should be clasped in his arms, hurried down to the steps at the summit of the precipice but a short distance from the cottage, where for hours she stood watching the white sails gleaming in the moonlight, until they had passed the angle of the river above, and she felt assured the precious burthen was not there.

It was near morning when Captain Gray leaped into the skiff by the vessel's side, and with fierce impatience ordered the crew to pull directly for the shore. "There's no landing there, sir," ventured one of the crew, "we must turn to the point above." "Straight for the shore," he replied. "I have scaled that

rock a hundred times," he remarked to his friend. "That may be, but night is no time to venture such a risk," rejoined the other. "This night has no darkness for me," he replied, and was silent.

The shore was soon reached, and, at a place that baffled pursuit, he rushed into the thickets which lined the base of the hill.

To have followed would have been worse than useless—and Harry returned to the vessel to effect a landing more leisurely in the morning.

At an early hour he called at the cottage, but it was empty, and the alarm had already spread among the neighbors. A search had been instituted, and Frederick Gray was discovered at the base of the precipice with the shattered body of his wife resting in his arms.

How long she had remained above, none can tell; and whether wearied with watching she had sunk in sleep upon the giddy ledge, or by a mis-step lost her foot-hold, and plunged down the fearful height, it is in vain to conjecture. A broken twig lay upon the brink, the mark of a clenched hand was left upon the green turf, and a shired of muslin fluttered upon a point of rock far below.

That, ere life fled, she had recognized the agonizing embrace of her husband, there is reason to suppose; for one hand was clasped upon his sleeve, and a smile still rested upon her pale cold lips; but the mystery of that night's fearful communion was never revealed, for his mind was crushed, and he was an idiot.

My Legend of the Steps is finished. It is but a simple story, and to a casual reader may possess but little interest; yet many a tear did I shed over its relation in my childhood, and even now it remains indissolubly linked with the sweetest memories of my early years.

I have, I feel, trespassed on your patience, and have still many beautiful scenes about this spot to describe, for which I shall at a future season beg a much smaller space. Yours, truly, D.

Jour. of Com.

### Latest Intelligence.

The new steamer *Guadeloupe* reached here on Sunday in a short run of less than 15 days, bringing us intelligence 10 days later than the *Cambria's* news.

Its import, is so far as low prices for bread stuffs—a money panic in London, and numerous failures—were concerned—was little relished, and the arrival of the mail steamer which was to leave Liverpool on 19th inst. and which will bring both later accounts and full mails, is eagerly expected.

The money panic, except as it tends to diminish prices, especially of cotton, which under the circumstances it is thought should rise, if the money market were easy and settled—has little influence here. The failures reported may be more significant, as endangering a large amount of bills drawn against some of the parties. But there are so few letters by this transient steamer that all here is uncertainty, as yet, about what is to be the real effect of these failures.

The favorable account of the European harvests, and the large arrivals which still poured in, of grain and flour into England, inducing a further decline of flour in Liverpool, have had little or no effect here to-day. The quotations for flour are firm of rates as before, and actual sales at those quotations—in small parcels for home consumption, have been made.—The stock on hand is small and the arrivals by the Canal are diminishing—hence the firmness of the market.

The French steamer *Union*, hence, arrived at Cherbourg, after a passage of 13½ days. The *Britannia* arrived at Liverpool on the night of the 13th.

The Belgium Government has determined to establish a direct steamboat communication between Antwerp and the United States.

It was expected that the steamer *Great Britain* would be afloat in the course of a week from the 14th instant.

In Glasgow and its vicinity fever appears to be on the increase, as several more cases have been reported over the previous week. A hospital has been erected there, and is now in full operation.

A correspondent in a letter dated June 16 informs us that Captain Birch, of the *Waterwich*, of 10 guns, had just captured a fine brigantine, with 510 slaves on board; she was apparently an American built vessel, but had, when captured, neither papers nor colors on board.

Since the 4th inst., Earl Dalhousie has been appointed Governor General of India, and Sir Henry Pottinger Governor of Madras. Sir Henry Smith succeeds Sir Henry Pottinger as Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. Sir H. E. F. Young will, it is reported, shortly assume the office of Lieutenant Governor of Australia; and Sir Robert Wilson, now Governor of Gibraltar, is likely to relieve Lord Seaton in the administration of the Ionian Islands.

ROYAL VISIT TO SCOTLAND.—Her majesty and royal consort, with the Prince of Wales and Princess Royal and suite, left Osborne Creek, Isle of Wight, on the 11th instant, for their tour through Scotland, which is expected to occupy about five weeks. The royal squadron consisted of the *Victoria* and *Albert*, *Black Eagle*, *Undine*, *Garland*, *Fairy*, and *Scourge*. At night the squadron will anchor during the voyage at Plymouth, Falmouth, Milford, Douglas, and Loch Ryan. Great preparations are making in Scotland to give the royal party a true Highland welcome.

ABDICATION OF KINGS AND EMPERORS.—Throughout the history of Europe there never existed similar examples of so many sovereigns threatening to resign their thrones as at the present moment. No fewer than three or four potentates are declared to entertain serious intentions of abdicating their power and authority. The autocrat of Russia stands highest in political importance. He is said to be suffering great mental anxiety from some unexplained cause; and, having provided the means of supporting himself liberally during life, by liberal investments in the English and French funds, under color of a great financial operation, he intends, it is said, to retire to Italy, and there pass the remainder of his days. The King of Wurtemberg, the father-in-law of the Prince of Orange, has repaired to the Hague, solely for the purpose of dissuading the Prince of Orange from the decided resolution which he has taken to renounce the crown of Holland. The King of the Belgians seems to be equally afflicted. He has returned to the Palace Laeken at Brussels, from Paris, in such a mentally debilitated state that he is unequal to the cares of Government, and all parties seem at a loss to conceive what will be the upshot. Turning to Spain, the last accounts from Madrid state that the Queen has expressed to her ministers her resolute intention to abdicate the throne, and it was reported that a special council was summoned to deliberate upon the subject. With regard to this latter case, there is no doubt less apprehension need be entertained of the Queen of Spain taking so rash a step, as it would be in her case, as of the other royal personages acting upon their declared intentions. The



unhappy marriage of the Queen of Spain, brought about by French intrigue, is doubtless the cause of her Majesty's disgust of the present position; but her youth, and still more her political importance in the preservation of the balance of European politics, preclude the thought of any such serious change of dynasty in Spain. With these singular and unprecedented events hanging over the fate of Europe, it is a great happiness for mankind that the general tendency of political opinions is to maintain peace, and to enlarge the sphere of human industry by the general adoption of free trade principles.

**Spain.**—Private letters received from Spain, from quarters which should possess the first means of information, assert with confidence that another crisis is approaching on a large scale, the result of which it is at present impossible to calculate. The unblushing profligacy daily exhibited in the court circles, we are informed by an eye witness, is outraging even to the sense of Spanish propriety, and is tending rapidly to accelerate a change. The private communications fully confirm the conjectures made in some of the Madrid papers, that the fall of Salamanca, the minister is close at hand, so that there is an end to all the hopes of the foreign bondholders being any way benefited through that medium.

The same deplorable court intrigues seem to poison the happiness and impair the prosperity of the country. The distressing and now disgraceful conduct of the queen and her consort to each other, gives rise to a thousand rumors, and whilst Madrid is occupied by these cabals, the extremities of the kingdom is again threatened by insurrection. A scheme has been formed to connect the movement in Catalonia by a chain of guerilla parties with the bands of Carlists now appearing in Arragon, Naverre, and the Basque provinces. Already have captures and the most sanguinary executions taken place on both sides. In the mean time the people of Madrid amuse themselves in affixing pasquades at the palace gates, one of which, in ridicule of the Queen of Spain's frivolous occupations, has been rendered in the following doggrel:—

"The king's in the Prado, the Queen's a dancing,  
Whilst our Montemolin is advancing."

Senor Olozaga has been suddenly recalled to Madrid, whilst on a journey to London, in order to compose the existing differences, but it is difficult to predict what will be the termination of these fatal dissensions.

**Portugal.**—The most recent intelligence from Portugal is by no means satisfactory to the popular party. The representatives of the Cabral faction still remained in power, and no disposition was evinced by the queen to yield that deference to the authority of the allied powers and the wishes of her subjects, which can alone lead to the permanent tranquilization of Portugal. The defences of Oporto were being dismantled, and Gen. Coucha was withdrawing the Spanish forces, by way of Vigo, from the Portuguese territory. The Duke of Saldanha had dispersed his army of operations and had proceeded to the northern provinces with a view to conciliate confidence and restore the Queen's authority.

**Prussia.**—In Prussia a new law sanctioned by the king admits Jews to the privileges of other subjects with certain exceptions which exclude them from holding except in judicial or educational (except in natural sciences) offices. There are also denied representative rights.

#### THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

[From the Wilmer Times].

The election for the English, Irish and Scotch boroughs are now, we believe, concluded. There are yet a few of the counties undecided. Various speculative divisions of the new members have been allotted by our contemporaries; but if political parties are to be ranked as before into liberals, Peelites, and protectionist, the members will be considerably on the liberal side; but the apparent numerical accession of strength gained by the ministerial phalanx may, upon a division, be counterbalanced by the votes of the new members, entertaining ultra or independent opinions. The ministerial or liberal section would, if united, be about equal to the Peelites and protectionists combined. With the exception of free trade questions, respecting which there is a great gulf fixed between the more liberal Peelites and the protectionists, it will be found, probably, that the ministerial measures which may be proposed in the ensuing Parliament, will be carried either by the forbearance of the protectionist party or by the support of the Peelites. Should any important question arise upon which all parties are as yet unpledged and unfettered, turning upon the great cause of public liberty, and involving the rights of the people as against the aristocracy, then it will appear whether the present rancorous feeling of the protectionist party against the Peelites would survive the trial, and such a question would test the integrity and consistency of the Peelites. The present distinctions of party cannot be of long duration. Either Sir Robert Peel, with such of his adherents as may continue attached to him, must form a virtual coalition with the whigs, or they must return to their old seats "below the gangway," and merge into the protectionist party, who, upon a new question, would receive some fresh designation, remaining still, as they ever will be, the great tory party of the country.—The county contests have not exhibited so many singular features of excitement as the borough elections. The great constituency of the West Riding of Yorkshire, the most numerous in the kingdom, proposed Mr. Cobden just prior to the nomination day; and his name threw such terror into the hearts of his opponents that Mr. Denison, who had represented the West Riding for six years, did not venture to demand a poll; and Mr. Cobden was by acclamation elected the colleague of Lord Morpeth. Such a step cannot fail to have predominating influence over the free-trade discussions in the ensuing Parliament. Mr. Bernal Osborne, a Liberal, has displaced Colonel Wood a Conservative, in the county of Middlesex. Sir George Grey has also gained a county seat in Northumberland. In Ireland, our apprehensions of the loss of Mr. Shiel's seat have proved unfounded, but he gained his election only after a severe contest; whilst we regret to say that Mr. Wyse, one of the most enlightened Liberals of Ireland, has been defeated. Sir Denham Norreys, a rising influential member of excellent principles, has been successful again at Mallow. Up to the latest hour of our going to press, the government of Lord John Russell may be said to have the following gains and losses at the present elections:—

Total Liberal gain.....	74
Total Conservative gain.....	25

Net Liberal gain.....	49
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If the above be an accurate estimate—it is subject, however, to correction—it will give Lord John Russell 98 votes on a division. The returns to be received will probably give his lordship some further votes.

The elections for members to serve in parliament is the only absorbing topic, and I am happy to tell you that free-trade continues in the ascendant.

All the members of the Anti-Corn Law League have been returned to the

Commons, who were distinguished as leaders and zealous co-operators in the cause. Mr. Cobden has been twice returned—for the West Riding of Yorkshire and for Stockport; Mr. Villiers has had a kindred success, having been elected both for South Lancashire and Wolverhampton; Mr. Bright, by acclamation, has been declared member for Manchester; the eloquent mystic, Fox, has triumphed at Oldham; Geo. Thompson, of anti-slavery notoriety also, has beaten the Secretary to the Ordinance by some five or six thousand in the Tower Hamlets; the veteran father of free trade, Colonel Thompson—no relation to the previous name—is victor at Bradford; Alderman Haywood was unopposed for North Lancashire, and James Wilson, the editor and proprietor of the *Economist*, winds up the number and names of this distinguished body, who are now members of the House of Commons.

The loss of government candidates has been very serious. Sir John Hobhouse, President of the Board of Control, has been defeated, and Feargus O'Connor, the Chartist, returned in his place. Mr. Macaulay, the eloquent organ of the Ministry and the Secretary at War, has been thrown out by an unknown person at Edinburgh. Mr. Hawes, under Secretary for the Colonies, has been defeated by Mr. Charles Pearson, the Solicitor to the Corporation of London. All these changes add to the liberal cause, though they are excessively inconvenient and annoying to the Cabinet.

#### ANOTHER MONEY CRISIS IN ENGLAND—FINANCIAL MATTERS IN EUROPE.

[From the London Times, Aug. 11th.]

The premium on gold at Paris is 10 per mille, which at the English mint price of £3 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, gives an exchange of 25 40; and the exchange at Paris on London being 25 32½, it follows that gold is 0.30 per cent dearer in Paris than in London.

The course of exchange at New York on London is 105½ per cent; and the par of exchange between England and America being 109 23 40 per cent, it follows that the exchange is 3 83 per cent against England. But the quoted exchange at New York being for bills at 68 days sight, the interest must be deducted from the above difference.

Panics in the money market come and go, but unfortunately they leave no lesson behind. At the beginning of April we witnessed a pressure long foretold from certain existing causes, but which, for any wisdom it imparted, was apparently suffered in vain. Scarcely three months have elapsed, and now we again find ourselves in the midst of similar disturbances, only, it is to be feared, to pass again to the same result of temporary reaction and immediate disregard of all that it might have taught us.

The causes assigned for the predicted pressure which should have commenced with gradual severity at the end of the year, but which was retarded by the bank until we had the substituted panic in the spring, have been repeated so often, that but for the apparent incapacity on the part of the public of receiving or retaining them, it would seem idle to touch upon them more. But the cry must be repeated until man, from habit, at all events, if not from reflection, shall come to recognise there must be something in it. Railway expenditure, free-trade, and deficient harvests, each constituted grounds to beget a certainty of monetary peril—the first as a gigantic madness, paralysing all the ordinary industry and consequent resources of the country; the second as inducing changes which, however wise and beneficial, must, like all revolutions, bring about disturbances until we shall have adapted ourselves by experience to its new relations; and the third as involving an immediate loss of wealth, which would necessitate economy and hard labor until it should be repaired. Of these three causes, the last and minor ones were beyond our power of control, and all that was requisite was that they should be prudently recognised; but railway expenditure was perfectly at our own option; and it was here that warnings were to be raised. These warnings, however, though they may have saved individuals, were of course ineffectual to stem the rising mania of a nation. Experience could only effect that object. The word would not do without the blow, and in April the country reeled under its infliction.

The first effect of the panic was to lock up money and send down prices. Importations were for a moment checked, and foreigners came in to purchase our depreciated securities; general transactions all over the country were suddenly reduced, and coin, in consequence, flowed back into the bank. With this came a revival of confidence. Scarcely a dozen railway schemes of any magnitude had been abandoned; no relaxation of the caution necessitated by free trade could be warranted; no prospect that food deficiencies were at an end had been announced. All the causes which had produced the evil were still in unmitigated force, but there was a reaction in the money market, and that was enough. Consols rose 3 per cent, railway shares recovered in great measure from the fall they had sustained since January, bank directors talked openly on 'change of reducing the rate of discount to 4½ per cent, and at London and at Liverpool, and at all the share exchanges of the country, engagements were eagerly extended, and the assurance was universally repeated that "the worst was over."

Six weeks only have passed since this happy epoch, and we have now again to write of panic. But perhaps it will be said that some new causes, which could not then be foreseen, have arisen to arrest the return of prosperity. This, however, can hardly be maintained. At the time when the capitalists of London and Liverpool were again resuming their career and speculation, the potato crop was rumored to threaten entire decay, and the weather for the harvest was yet in doubt. Since that period the only events of notoriety have been the continuance of sunshine beyond precedent, and the arrival of reports week by week of abundance on all parts of the continent, and of the comparative safety of the potato crop at home. If, therefore, the worst was over when these things were uncertain, what should now be our state and prospects? And if we are at this moment in confusion and alarm, what would have been our condition if the unfavorable anticipation of the crops, warranted by all human calculation, had been fulfilled?

After this instance of indomitable self-delusion, it is scarcely to be hoped even now, when a second blow is come, that we shall approach much nearer towards a bold recognition of our real state, or to the determination to check as far as possible its causes, and to meet steadily what must still be borne. The present pressure will pass away, perhaps more rapidly than the former one; much of it is owing to a sudden influx of produce which will be checked by our fall in prices—much to the demand which the elections have caused for coin, that will find its way back when its immediate uses are over—and much to the alarm of daily failures. Even now gold is reported to be coming back from the continent; the bank accounts in a few weeks may read better; confidence will again revive, and again we shall go on in the renewed delusion that the worst is over until the chronic disorder, palliated but never removed, shall once more develop itself in new symptoms. Each blow will fall heavier because our power of resistance will be less, and thus we shall undergo a series of inflictions protracted through months, (and, if the government shall give way one



step to the clamor that will resound. we fear we may almost say, through years,) before we shall reach the base whence alone a healthy and ration progress can be resumed.

In what do our circumstances differ at the present moment from the prospect they presented at the commencement of the year, except that the stock of bullion, upon the holding out of which must depend our safety, is now £0,000,00, and it was then £15,000,000? We have, it is true, the certainty almost of an average harvest; but, setting aside the probability that an importation of food must to a greater or less extent take place in 1848, there would be no better prospect of monetary security. It is not the fact of a corn importation that will explain an increase in the consumption of sugar in the first six months of 1847 to the extent of 539,000 cwt. over that of 1846. It is not the pressure of famine and indigence that will explain an increase during the like period in the consumption of brandy of 135,000 gallons, of rum to the extent of 365,000 gallons, of coffee £2,000,000., and of tea, cocoa, tobacco, &c. in something like the same proportion; to say nothing of the importation of 117,000 extra cwt. of meat, and of 107,000 cwt. of butter and cheese. These are more or less luxuries; and it is usually one consequence of a food pressure to induce an economy which shuts them out, and which by causing the masses to be content almost with bread alone, soon produces a reaction. It is not a deficient harvest, or the dread of it, which sends up the price of iron to a point at which the United States and other countries decline to take it of us. It has not been the food question which has caused us to allow our stocks of raw material to be so reduced (even while the rate of money was only 3 per cent.) that now the slight demand for our manufactures causes a rise in their price which at once checks foreigners from buying. Again, it is not this cause which sends money up to 5½ per cent. at a time when general business is contracted, and when the circulation may be termed full. The fact that none of these things will furnish the explanation stares us plainly in the face, and there is hardly a person who does not know in his conscience the real cause of our present state. But we are a nation of shareholders, from the highest to the lowest, and we all keep from each other the secret of our ruin.

The battle is clearly, as we have all along proclaimed it, one of life or death between railways and trade. It is useless to attempt disguise. One or the other must fall. Firm after firm will be beaten down, and the sacrifices of the past week will prove only the forerunners of what are yet to come. Merchants may bid 7 per cent for money (and there are not many branches of business that can long sustain that rate) but with the temptation of permanent security "as good as Exchequer Bills" it will be snatched from them by railway companies at 5 per cent. In desperation they may bid a higher rate, and the railways, prevented temporarily from flooding the market with debenture, will then snatch from their grasp the capital they seek by making calls that cannot be resisted. Keep the rate of money on securities at some reasonable point above 5 per cent. permanently, to prevent the companies from issuing debentures and to tire them of making calls, they will still evade your attempts, for the debentures which were unmarketable at 5 per cent. when they were for a cumbrous £1000, are then reduced to £500 to suit a new class of customers afterwards to be brought down to £100, and eventually to any denomination, and for any period, that many suffice to attract whatever portion of the public may yet remain with means, however small, of which they may be drained.

Perhaps it may be urged that a considerable number of the public have already discovered, now that money for a long period is worth 7 per cent. that investments in railway debentures, at 4 1-2 or five per cent. to be paid off in three or five years, when consols may be again at 95 are not so desirable as they were represented; but still it is only when this feeling can be made general, that an effective suspension can be hoped for. Meanwhile calls cannot be resisted, and these, we may be sure, will be remorselessly made (no matter though mercantile houses break down hour by hour) until the public, as sooner or later they will, shall denounce the madness with one voice.

Finally, it can scarcely be necessary to say a word of the morality of those who in this state of things clamor for an "expansive action" on the part of the Bank of England as the panacea for all existing evils, and who by this cry retard the correction that must only fall the more terribly in proportion as it is delayed. Advance money—facilitate imports of provisions and an export of gold in the face of both railway consumption and free trade—reduce the rate of interest, and bring a French loan of £14,000,000 at once upon our markets—see the last bar of gold exported from our vaults, and add the rush of home discredit to the force of a foreign drain and all will then be righted. This is the language of a large majority of financiers—worthy rather of the other side of the Atlantic than of England, and there is no little peril that, as soon as the next Parliament is constituted, their efforts will find expression in more than words. Let what may happen, however—let palliative after palliative be adopted—we once more put upon record the assertion that there is no escape but in a recognition that the railway expenditure must be stopped, and that traders must be prepared to groan and many of them to succumb under such rate of interest and for such time as may be essential to effect that object. Let things take their best and natural course, and the evils to be endured will still prove such as few have even yet ventured to contemplate; let the painful process of cure be retarded by the tampering concessions of an interested Legislature, and the long and grinding period of distress, before we shall again breathe freely will be such as to wear our heart and hope, and to sicken all men with the struggle.

#### ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

The Br. steamer Caledonia, Capt. Lott, from Liverpool August 19th, arrived at Boston at one o'clock Thursday morning. She brought 132 passengers.

The rumor circulated at Liverpool, of the assassination of Louis Philippe, King of the French, is entitled to no credence.

The news is only five days later than that received by the Guadalquivir. The market remained in about the same depressed condition. The scarcity of money was increased by the action of the private and joint stock banks, which followed the example of the Bank of England in raising the rates of discounts; and failures had multiplied till the amount due and unpaid had reached to nearly ten millions of dollars.

We are sorry to learn that a large number of corn bills drawn upon the fallen houses, have come back protested.

The elections are nearly at an end, and show an increase in favor of liberal ministers.

The affairs of Spain still continue in a very embarrassed state. The Queen has placed the King under complete surveillance; and has done everything

to destroy his influence, short of imposing personal restraint upon him. An attempt was lately made to destroy General Serrano, the reputed paramour of the Queen, by sending a "petard" to him through the Post Office.

The political aspect of France is threatening enough. A fierce contest is waging between the government and opposition press. The latter charges ministers with corruption and the failure of the financial administration. The French funds have largely participated in the embarrassment caused by the raising of the rates of discount in England.

PORTUGAL is quiet, and the Spanish forces have been withdrawn from Oporto. In Switzerland the federal diet has required the dissolution of the Catholic Sonderbund, as being hostile to the general welfare.

The accounts from Italy are various. The progress of liberal opinions, particularly in the Papal States, is viewed with great alarm by both France and Austria.

IN IRELAND the elections have been somewhat more stormy than in this country, and the returns will stand very much as they did in the last Parliament. Mr. O'Connell's funeral was celebrated with great pomp. The event has left no after excitement of any consequence.

The Bank of England on the 5th ult., again raised the rate of discount, a monetary panic followed, numerous heavy failures took place among the largest houses engaged in the corn trade, and a very large number of American drafts, drawn upon these houses, are returned by the Caledonia protested for non-payment.

The Bullion in the Bank of England, according to the last weekly report, amounted to £9,252,820, or £78,430 less than the return of the previous week.

The English harvest will be the most abundant known for years, and the potato crop promises to yield abundantly.

The total liabilities of all the firms who have stopped payment from the 5th of August up to the 19th, are stated to be upwards of two millions sterling.

*Financial intelligence.*—The money market owing to a variety of causes, has become seriously depressed since the last advices per Cambria. The pressure continues to affect all branches of trade with unrelaxed severity, forcing prices downwards, and necessarily limiting operations to the smallest possible scale; the primary causes of this state of things are the advanced rates of discount required by the Banks of the Empire, and a succession of disastrous failures in the West India and American trade. Up to the last advices the actual bankruptcies and stoppages were little short of £2,000,000, and it is apprehended, that many of these will fall heavily upon American houses. In London, the public securities had somewhat recovered from the depression of the preceding day, and fluctuated merely from the turn of the market.

Mr. Sheil has been re-elected for Dungarvan.

Capt. Maclean, who married the accomplished poetess, Miss Landon, died in May last, at Cape Coast Africa.

An attempt has been made this year to introduce the cultivation of flax on an extensive scale in Scotland.

The Earl of Dundonald has declared himself a candidate for the vacant Scotch representative peerage.

Sir B. Martin is to be Vice Admiral of the United Kingdom, vice, Sir Geo. Martin, who only lived a fortnight in the enjoyment of that dignity. Sir Geo. Cockburn is to be Rear Admiral.

Several successful experiments have recently been made in France on the etherization of bees so as to be able to take their honey while in a state of inaction, without the necessity of destroying their lives.

Lt. Munro, who killed Col. Fawcett in a duel at Camden Town, in July 1843 was tried yesterday at the Old Bailey and found guilty. Sentence of death was recorded against him; but probably a commutation of punishment will be granted by the crown.

An English paper shows that in the diocese of St. Asaph, Wales, which abounds in poor curates of long standing, "£7000 per annum is held in sinecures by Englishmen who do not know a word of the language of the parishes from which they derive their incomes.

Mr. Winthrop, the American Consul, at Malta, and Lieutenant Lock, of the Royal Artillery, have discovered and excavated a very interesting and remarkable ruin in the vicinity of the Civita Vecchia. Two chambers, nearly square, have been cleared out. The excavators found some pieces of pottery, consisting of jugs and pans, which gave evidence of an antiquity beyond anything yet discovered in the island.

*Shakspeare's Birthplace.*—We are gratified to announce that Prince Albert has contributed the sum of £250, the queen dowager has also added £100, and the corporation of Stratford another £1000, towards purchasing the birthplace of the Bard of Avon.

The position and prospects of Ireland are, we rejoice to say, beginning to bear a more encouraging and brighter prospect. The anticipation of a good harvest, and the reduced prices at which all descriptions of provisions can be procured, have caused the poor law authorities to dispense with the system of out door relief which they had adopted for some time past. A circular to that effect has been issued by the Relief Commissioners dated Aug. 6th.

#### THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

Her Majesty, and Royal Consort, with the Prince of Wales, and Princess Royal, and suite, left Osborne Creek, Isle of Wight, on the 11th inst, for their tour through Scotland, which is expected to occupy about five weeks. The Royal squadron consisted of the Victoria and Albert, Black Eagle, Undine, Garland, Fairy, and Scourge.

The squadron anchored at night in the Yarmouth-roads, and soon after day-break on Thursday morning got under weigh, the Scourge taking the lead through the Needles passage; the Fairy, Undine, Black Eagle, and Garland following the Victoria and Albert. Before the squadron, however, had proceeded five or six miles, a fog came on; and it was deemed prudent to run into Allum Bay, near Freshwater, just under the Needles rocks to the eastward. In the course of an hour or so the weather somewhat cleared up, and the royal yacht was again got under weigh. By nine o'clock it had well cleared the rocks, and was steaming away at full speed to the westward. There was a smart breeze blowing up the channel from the southwest, but comparatively little sea. Swannage was passed soon after ten o'clock; Weymouth about noon. The people on shore were diligent in hoisting colours at every prominent place; but, as the squadron did not keep close to land, and the air continued to be thick, the loyal people had very slight glimpses of the steamers. At half past three o'clock on Thursday afternoon the royal squadron



ran into Dartmouth Bay, and anchored there for the night, having accomplished little less than a hundred miles of the voyage.

Long before daylight on Friday morning the bustle of departure was heard among the royal squadron, lighting fires and getting steam up. At four o'clock the signal was made to "weigh." In a few minutes the whole squadron majestically left Dartmouth, under a royal salute from the castle battery, and proceeded down the Channel for the Scilly Islands, where her Majesty remained for the night. A letter from Senner Cove, Cornwall, dated Friday night, described the passing of the squadron about noon. There were several large vessels beating up, whose crews lustily cheered her Majesty as the vessels shot by, and one more conspicuous than the rest, apparently an American liner from London, fired a salute and manned the yards. By the aid of a glass her Majesty was discerned on deck.

On Sunday afternoon the booming of the heavy guns at Carnarvon, coming down the Straits on the wings of the wind, spread far and wide intelligence of her Majesty's actual arrival in the Menai; and threw the city into a whirl of excitement, before which the usual Sabbath like repose and stillness gave way—such was the general exultation! Hundreds made for the Suspension Bridge—thousands for Garth Point, and in a trice the city disembogued into the Menai, whose surface was presently covered with crowded boats. Albeit expected, her Majesty took her loving subjects by surprise; but instant preparations were made to give royalty a royal reception, by regal salutes with artillery, a brilliant display of flags, and cheering without end. Her Majesty and the Prince, &c., in the Fairy, came over Carnarvon bar between one and two o'clock on Sunday, in company with the Garland, and followed by some passenger steamers on the look-out—the Victoria and Albert, and large steamers of the squadron going round by way of Holyhead. The Fairy halted about ten minutes off Carnarvon, to take a view of the fine old castle, and then passed through the Swellies, dropping anchor off St. George's Pier, to give Prince Albert an opportunity of inspecting the Menai Bridge. His royal highness was rowed to the Carnarvonshire shore, and landed at the pier under the George Hotel, from whence he walked to and over the bridge, concerning which he put sundry questions.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert here paid and received sundry visits. One of the visitors writes—"Her Majesty was attired in a chip straw bonnet, with a blue veil thrown back, shawl, &c., (a description of dress which many of our Bangor bellies would be ashamed of on state days,) and looked pale. Prince Albert sported a drab Jim Crow hat, brown coat, and grey continuations, and was looking remarkably well, getting into flesh evidently within the last two or three years. The Prince of Wales wore a glazed hat, blue jacket, white trousers—a miniature British tar. The Princess Royal appeared in a straw bonnet, tunic, and salmon-colored dress, and with her royal brother looked the very picture of health and contentment."

The Fairy then joined the other steamers, passing Beaumaris to the Cross Roads, where they all again anchored for the night.

On Monday morning at 4 o'clock, the royal squadron stood on its course for the Isle of Man (the expectation being that her Majesty would land there) under the most favorable weather auspices.

Royal salutes were fired from the batteries at Craig y don, Port Penrhyn and Beaumaris. The steamers, merchantmen, and yachts displayed their force of flags, and the American vessels joined heartily in the general demonstrations of respect and welcome.

As the Fairy approached the U. S. ship Josiah Quincy, Capt. Grazier, the barque John Parker, Capt. Cumming, and the barque Juniatta, Capt. Childs, the British flag was displayed forward, the American flag at the peak; and as the royal yacht glided past, the American flag was hauled down, and the British flag run up, which marks of courtesy were acknowledged by the exhibition of the flag of America on the quarter deck of the Fairy, her Majesty standing by. As Prince Albert rowed off in his barge, he was met by Captain Childs of the Juniatta in his gig: the crew of which gave three cheers—whereupon the Prince stood up uncovered, and bowed his acknowledgments.

Early on Monday morning, the Black Eagle, one of the royal squadron, arrived in Douglas Bay, announcing the intention of her Majesty to honor the Isle of Man with a visit. In expectation of such a visit, the inhabitants of Mona had for some days been on the *qui vive*, and great enthusiasm was manifested by all classes, and early in the day the piers and heights around the bay of Douglas were thronged with anxious spectators. Between four and five o'clock, A.M., the Black Eagle came into the anchorage, announcing positively that the royal squadron would touch at Douglas in the afternoon. At eight o'clock the Tynwald royal mail steam ship, belonging to the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company, commanded by Captain William Gill, the pilot for the occasion, proceeded with a select company on board, on the look-out for the squadron. She was followed by the steamships Ben-my-Chree and Fenella. The Scourge, one of the squadron, was seen running for the Call of Man about half-past nine, and shortly after the royal yacht hove in sight, followed by the Fairy, Garland, and Undine, standing direct for Douglas Bay. In a short time the steamers from the island joined company, the Tynwald piloting the way. About eleven o'clock the vessels rounded the "head," and entered the bay, coming directly opposite the town of Douglas. The scene at this time was most animating and exciting, and must have been extremely gratifying to her Majesty, who had been for some time on the platform viewing the bold and varied scenery of the coast: and was now seen with a book in her hand, evidently sketching the objects before her. After remaining about a quarter of an hour, the signal for sailing was made, and the squadron, in the order they entered the bay, again proceeded onwards, creeping closely along shore, which, in many places, was crowded with spectators, till it arrived at the Point of Ayr, when the insular steamers returned, leaving the squadron to proceed to Scotland.

On Monday evening the Royal squadron anchored in Scottish waters, and passed the night in Loch Ryan. From thence the Royal squadron will proceed, on Tuesday morning, to the Clyde, where an assemblage of upwards of fifty steamers, many of them of the largest class, in the river, will welcome the arrival of her Majesty; the sight of this great fleet alone will be one that has rarely, probably never, been equalled. They will proceed down the Firth to meet the Royal squadron, and afterwards accompany it during the day.

### Miscellaneous Articles.

#### THE INTERIOR OF A HAREM.

"The women made me sit down; and when I placed myself in the usual

European manner, they begged me in a deprecating tone not to remain in that constrained position, but to put myself quite at my ease, as if I were in my house. How far I was at my ease, installed *à la Turque*, on an immense pile of cushions, I leave to be imagined by any who ever tried to remain five minutes in that posture.

"I was determined to omit nothing that should give them a high idea of my 'savoir vivre,' according to their own notions, and began by once more gravely accepting a pipe. At the pasha's I had managed merely to hold it in my hand, occasionally touching it with my lips, without really using it; but I soon saw that, with some twenty pairs of eyes fixed jealously upon me, I must smoke here—positively and actually smoke—or be considered a violator of all the laws of good breeding. The tobacco was so mild and fragrant that the penance was not so great as might have been expected; but I could scarcely help laughing at the ludicrous position I was placed in, seated in state on a large square cushion, smoking a long pipe, the other end of which was supported by a kneeling slave, and bowing solemnly to the sultana between almost every whiff. Coffee, sweetmeats, and sherbet (the most delightful of all pleasant draughts), were brought to me in constant succession by the two little negroes, and a pretty young girl, whose duty it was to present me the richly embroidered napkin, the corner of which I was expected to make use of as it lay on her shoulder, as she knelt before me. These refreshments were offered to me in beautiful crystal vases, little gold cups, and silver trays, of which, for my misfortune, they seemed to possess a large supply, as I was obliged to go through a never-ending course of dainties, in order that they might have an opportunity of displaying them all.

"My bonnet sadly puzzled them; and when, to please them, I took it off, they were most dreadfully scandalized, to see me with my hair uncovered, and could scarcely believe that I was not ashamed to sit all day without a veil or handkerchief; they could not conceive, either, why I should wear gloves, unless it were to hide the want of henna, with which they offered to supply me. They then proceeded to ask me the most extraordinary questions—many of which I really found it hard to answer. My whole existence was as incomprehensible to this poor princess, vegetating from day to day within her four walls, as that of a bird in the air must be to a mole burrowing in the earth. Her life consisted, as she told me, of sleeping, eating, dressing, and bathing. She never walked further than from one room to another; and I can answer for her not having an idea beyond the narrow limits of her prison. It is a strange and most unnatural state to which these poor women are brought; nor do I wonder that the Turks, whose own detestable egotism alone causes it should declare that they have no souls."

**A Novelty in Sculpture.** The *London Spectator*, in describing a piece of statuary which has been exhibited in that city, the work of Raffaele Monti, speaks of the wonderful execution of the design as follows:

"The effigy of a veiled Vestal tending the everlasting flame, is a curiosity in sculpture—a feat of art. The figure is the seize of life; it is clothed in a robe, and a veil thrown over the head envelopes the face, shoulders, and part of the arms—this veil is transparent. Not merely do you discern the covered forms where they actually swell out and touch the veil, but you think you can see through the veil underneath, the full and delicately finished features of a most beautiful face; you can detect the retreating curves of the profile, and the swelling forms of the lips, with a space between that softly but crisply rounded flesh and the covering gauze. You are deceived. Working in the transparency of the marble, with cunning skill, the sculptor so arranged the thinness and thickness of his material, that the refracted lights suggest the forms beneath, which are *not* carved. The artist has chiselled the outward form of the veil, and in doing so has painted the veiled face in the light and shade glancing through the marble. He calls it *uno scerzo*, and it is so: but it is much more—it is a very beautiful figure."

**The Oregon Territory.**—A curious fact transpired at the Glasgow election. Mr. M'Gregor, of the board of trade, one of the candidates, stated that at the time our ambassador at Washington, the Hon. Mr. Packenham, refused to negotiate on the 49th parallel of north latitude as the basis of a treaty, and when by that refusal the danger of a rupture between Great Britain and America became really imminent, Mr. Daniel Webster, formerly Secretary of State to the American Government, wrote a letter to Mr. M'Gregor, in which he strongly deprecated Mr. Packenham's conduct, which, if persisted in and adopted at home, would, to a certainty, embroil the two countries, and suggested an equitable compromise, taking the 49th parallel as the basis of adjustment. Mr. M'Gregor sent the letter to Lord John Russell, who gave Mr. M'Gregor permission to intimate to Lord Aberdeen that he, Lord John Russell, quite agreed with Mr. Webster. This expression of a statesman in opposition, doubtless relieved Earl Aberdeen of any apprehension of censure from that quarter: but Mr. M'Gregor claims for himself and Lord John Russell the merit of having thereby contributed essentially to preserve the peace of the world.—*Liverpool Times*.

**Punishment of Idle Husbands.**—The head chief (of New Ireland,) often interferes in minor matters of a domestic nature; for instance, if a lazy fellow has a wife or two and a few children, and through his love for fishing, dancing, and loitering idly about, neglects to bring in the necessary supplies for his family, a complaint is made, the chief visits the house in person, and if he sees just grounds for punishment he orders out the whole population of the village—men, women, and children, arm themselves with a stiff birch made of small canes, they then form a long double line about six feet apart, and wait with anxious glee the approach of the delinquent. At last he is placed at one end of the lines amidst a shower of yells, screams, jibes, &c. The word is given by the chief, and away he darts at his utmost speed through the ranks, every one endeavoring to hit him as he passes. According to his deserts, he may get off with running the line once, or may have to do so twice or thrice; but he is skilled in cunning and fleetness that can run the lines even once, without having his skin tickled for him by the hearty application of the birch, wielded by some strong woman! As the punishment is not of a fatal kind, the whole affair creates unrestricted merriment. Dr. Coulter's Adventures on the Western Coast of South America.

**Partridge, the Weather Prophet.**—Every one remembers the pleasant anecdote told of Partridge, the celebrated almanac maker, about 100 years since. In travelling on horseback into the country he stopped for his dinner at an inn, and afterwards called for his horse, that he might reach the next town, where he intended to sleep. "If you would take my advice, sir," said the ostler, as he was about to mount his horse, "you will stay where you are for the night, as you will surely be overtaken by a pelting rain." "Nonsense, nonsense," exclaimed the almanac maker, "there is a sixpence for you, my honest fellow, and good afternoon to you." He proceeded on his journey, and sure enough, he was well drenched in a heavy shower. Partridge was struck with the man's prediction, and being al-



ways intent on the interest of his almanac, he rode back on the instant, and was received by the ostler with a broad grin. "Well sir, you see I was right after all." "Yes, my lad, you have been so, and here is a crown for you, but I give it to you on condition that you tell me how you knew of this rain." "To be sure, sir," replied the man; "why, the truth is, we have an almanac at our house called 'Partridge's Almanac,' and the fellow is such a notorious liar, that whenever he promises us a fine day we always know that it will be the direct contrary. Now, your honor, this day, the 21st of June, is put down in our almanac in-doors as settled fine weather; no rain. I looked at that before I brought your honor's horse out, and so was enabled to put you on your guard."

**Singular Habits of Menagerie Beasts.**—A writer in a Cincinnati paper describes a midnight visit to the animals of Raymond & Waring's Menagerie, in the winter quarters in that city, with Driesbach, the famous keeper. He says:—

"It was a sight worth walking ten miles to see. We found, contrary to assertions of natural historians, an elephant lying down. It has always been asserted that these animals sleep standing. The different caged animals were reposing in the most graceful and classical attitudes. The lion and the tiger, the leopard and the panther, were lying with their paws affectionately twined about each other, without regard to species or nativity. In cages containing more than one animal it is the never failing custom for one to keep watch while the others sleep. The sentry is relieved with as much regularity as in a well regulated camp of soldiers, although not, probably, with as much precision in regard to time. The sentinel paces back and forth, and is very careful not to touch or do anything to arouse his comrade. Occasionally he lies down, but always with his head towards the front of the cage, and never sleeps until he is relieved. This singular custom, Herr Driesbach informs us, since his connection with the Menagerie he has never known to be violated. Thomas Cart—generally known as Uncle Tom—who is the faithful night watch of the establishment, and who is now the oldest showing master in the United States, confirms this statement.

"It requires 500 pounds of hay per day to feed the two elephants alone. The carnivorous animals consume from 100 to 120 pounds of meat each day. Besides this, large quantities of apples, potatoes, turnips, &c., are daily purchased for the monkeys, birds, and small animals."

### LATEST FROM MEXICO.

Intelligence from the Rio Grande has been received at New Orleans by the steamer Fanny. Details are given of the "massacre" of a scouting party of 27 Texans, under Capt. Baylor, who was acting as a scouting party between Ceralvo and Monteray. Capt. B. left Ceralvo on the 6th of August, and visited several ranchos, where he found property known to have been stolen from the army, which he reclaimed. He burned several dwellings and killed two or three notorious miscreants—taking also three prisoners. As he was returning to the main road, he found himself suddenly surrounded by about 300 Mexicans.

He was completely hemmed in, and the Mexicans charged upon his small band, killing many of them at the first discharge of fire-arms. Three of the party effected their escape by crawling into the chaparral, and got into Ceralvo dreadfully lacerated with thorns. When they last saw Captain Baylor, he was wounded and unhorsed, but still fighting, and only three of his men were in the saddle. They think it impossible that any more could have escaped, and do not believe that the Mexicans made any prisoners.—Two days had elapsed since they got back to Ceralvo, and nothing had been heard of any of the rest of the party.

Letters found, implicated the Alcalde and several other influential Mexicans, who have in consequence been arrested. Some 300 or 400 Mexicans were known to be along the road: the trains were regularly attacked: individuals were frequently murdered: and loud complaints are made for want of a mounted force.

The "Matamoras Flag" has become satisfied that all intentions of an advance towards San Luis by the column of Gen. Taylor have been abandoned. The Flag condemns this course, considering it an essential step on our part to occupy San Luis Potosi, and open communications from that city to Mexico. Gen. Marshall and Major Churchill passed up the Rio Grande on the 17th inst., on their way to join Gen. Taylor.

The Flag of the 14th gives the following details of brutal outrages committed by men in the uniform of American cavalry soldiers.

"About 2 o'clock in the night of the 12th inst., a party of twelve Americans, mounted, armed and equipped as our volunteer cavalry, rode into the rancho of Solisena, about eight leagues distant from this city, the inhabitants of which are in daily incourse with us, and under the pretence of searching for arms, entered the dwellings and perpetrated outrages of every imaginable kind. The men were abused and forced to flee from their homes, the women were insulted, their jewelry and trinkets taken from them, and every dwelling robbed of what money could be found. One Mexican, who has made a report to the board of Alcaldes of this city, states his loss at over \$150—money that he had received from the sale of wood to steamboats.

Several other ranchos were visited by this party during the same night, but the inhabitants were forewarned of their approach, and fled to the woods with every thing valuable they possessed—few of them have yet ventured to return. From the rancho of Guadalupe, only three leagues from here, the inhabitants have likewise fled, and deem it unsafe to return until some protection is afforded them. The greatest vigilance was used to detect the perpetrators of these villainous outrages.

On the 30th of July an express mail wagon, with an escort of seven men, was attacked near Marin, by about 60 Mexicans. The escort was scattered, but the wagon came through. The next day a merchant's train, with sixty mules, was attacked and captured. The attack was sudden and overwhelming. Property to the value of some \$15,000 fell into the hands of the Mexicans.

From the Washington Union.

**Landing of Paredes.**—A New Orleans paper makes some complaint of the want of vigilance in our agents in Europe, and of the commanding officer at Vera Cruz, in relation to Gen. Paredes. It might be imprudent at this time to divulge all the facts connected with this subject, but they would clear our agents abroad of any shadow of complaint. Col. Wilson, at Vera Cruz, has not been asleep upon his post. It is difficult to detect every spy who may land on the coast; but we have lately been informed by the New Orleans papers, that very lately he has forbidden a suspicious character to land, and sent him off. As to the landing of Paredes, the following extracts of Col. Wilson's letter to the Secretary of War, (the last which has been received from

him,) relieve him from any imputation of remissness, and lay the censure upon others:

Extract of a letter from Col. Wilson to the Secretary of War.

"Headquarters Department of Vera Cruz, August 15th 1847.

"I have the honor to report that on the 14th inst., the British steamer Teviot, Capt. May, arrived here from England and Havana, having Gen. Paredes on board, under the assumed name of M. Martinez; who in consequence of the tardiness of the boarding officer, (Capt. Clark), landed between 6 and 7, A. M., incognito, from a four-oared boat, apparently prepared for the occasion. In his transit through the gate of the mole, he was recognised by an inspector, who took no notice of him. Therefore, I immediately ordered the discharge of both him and Capt. Clark—the former for having lost sight of the main object, notwithstanding my office is but a few yards from the mole. \* \*

"The General, having arrived at the house of a Mr. Jose G. Zamora, a native merchant, he presented a letter of introduction from Paris, and requested that horses might be directly furnished for himself and servant—a request immediately complied with; and but ten minutes of his landing he passed through one of the gates of the city on his way to the interior, without myself or any of my officers being able to avoid it, from the circumstance of his arrival and presence here being unknown, and the letters from the United States Consul at the Havana, giving notice of his having left, not being delivered to me until the General's departure, owing to their being in possession of a lady passenger on board."

**Major Lally.**—Some solicitude is felt about the fate of the detachment which this officer commands, on its route to Gen. Scott's camp. The "Patria," the Spanish paper of New Orleans, publishes a report that the train had been surrounded, and Major Lally compelled to surrender. We attach no great importance to the statement of a journal which is Mexican in spirit, and has recently circulated more than one extravagant misrepresentation upon the war. The train, however, is one of the smallest which has gone up; and we shall wait its fate with some anxiety.

We have seen the last letter from Major Lally, written from the bridge twenty-four miles from Vera Cruz, near Paso Ovelas, on the 11th August. He states that they were attacked on the day before by the Mexicans, who were posted on a hill covering the road; and our troops carried it at once, by charging up with voltigeurs. They continued to fire upon our troops from the chapparel, attacking along the whole train; but they were repulsed, after a fight which lasted about an hour. He had two officers (Capt. J. H. Calwell of the voltigeurs, and Capt. Arthur C. Cummings, of the 11th) wounded severely, though hopes are entertained of their recovery. One man was mortally wounded, and eight others wounded, most of them severely. The Major has sent back to Col. Wilson, to request him to send up three ambulances, with an escort to take them back. He also requested reinforcements to be sent him, which he hoped would overtake him at the National Bridge.

The attack of the guerillas was made on the front, the centre and rear; but our troops were prepared at all points, our force in rear being nearly as large as in front, a guard in the centre of the wagons, of the companies, and the flankers all along the train. Our train of 70 wagons was kept compact.

Great credit is given to Captain Alvord, who as usual was distinguished for his courage and judgment; to Captain Hunter who commanded the right wing, and to Lieutenant Ridgely, who was under his command. The artillery, commanded by Lieutenant H. B. Sears, 2d artillery, was well served, and did good execution.

[From the Courier and Enquirer.]

The enigma of war or peace with Mexico is as little near its solution apparently as ever. On the contrary fresh difficulties arise to render the state of things more complex. Paredes the war desiring President—who overthrew Herrera, the friend of peace, by a military coup de main, and who himself was in turn overthrown by Santa Anna, returning from exile and seizing upon the supreme power in Mexico, has relanded in Mexico, and proceeded at once to the capital. The British steamer carried him to Vera Cruz from the Havana, in disguise and under a false name, and as it is said, unknown to the officers of the steamer. On approaching the harbor of Vera Cruz, a private signal as is alleged was made from the steamer which was well understood by certain English merchants, announcing the presence on board of the distinguished exile. He immediately landed, went in all haste to the house of a friend, changed his disguise and, furnished with money and horses proceeded without loss of time to the capital. Two hours afterwards when the mail was landed, letters from the American Consul at Havana informing the American Governor that Paredes was a passenger in the mail steamer were received. Search was immediately made, but the bird had flown.

If the fact of Paredes being on board the steamer was known to the American Consul at Havana, it could hardly be unknown to the Captain of the steamer—and then the inference is that this officer was instructed to carry the exiled chief back to his country.

But why should he venture back, who was overthrown and exiled by Santa Anna—while the latter is yet in power? Paredes has since his exile been much in Europe—and in Paris and in London and in Madrid—has been seeking, as was alleged, to raise up a party that should embrace the views said to be entertained by himself; that Mexico should be reacquired to monarchy, under some European Prince.

His sudden return to Mexico, under the British flag—without any public manifestation on the part of any portion of the Mexicans of a desire for his return—and the order understood to be given by the American authorities to intercept that return if possible—together with the consideration that Santa Anna, who has heretofore been looked upon as the enemy of Paredes is at the head of the government—all these circumstances seem to render the state of affairs more complex, and to diminish the chances of peace, especially if Paredes should be able to serve Santa Anna as the latter served him—cut the Executive station from beneath his feet and occupy it himself.

Meantime the War Department has called for five new regiments to be sent immediately to Vera Cruz. This should have been done months ago. It is too late now, either for peace or war. This call was made before the return of Paredes was known.

There are accounts, unofficial, from Prebia of 6th August. On the next day Gen. Scott's advance under Gen. Twigg's was positively to take up its line of march for the capital. All the reinforcements under Cadwallader Pillow and Pearce had joined General Scott—and would swell his numbers to something like 14 to 15,000 men—but one third must be deducted for necessary garrisons, and for sick and disabled—so that the marching column will not exceed, if it number 10,000 men. But it will be a formidable army—though not numerically large—well equipped, well provided and well led.



Its success we look upon as beyond preadventure. We ought to have later intelligence from the seat of hostilities, but the communications are infrequent and insecure by reason of guerillas spread along the route from the interior. Gen. Taylor makes no movement in the direction of Potosi—and possibly may not make any. We have no late or interesting tidings from California or the Pacific. Gen. Kearney has returned to the United States.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 8½ per cent. prem.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1847.

The steamer *Guadalquivir* came in here on Sunday morning. She has been conducted across from Liverpool by Capt. Hoskins; and it is said all her external finishings are to be done in this port, before she goes to her final destination in the West Indies.

The *Guadalquivir* does not bring much news; what there is, of any consequence at all, is in our news columns, but the public are so busy about the general election, and the promise of the crops being so flattering as to do away with much anxiety on that score, there is not much to animadvert on.

The Protectionists themselves need to be protected, for they have not been able to work hard against the Liberals. Yet the government majority does not appear to become very high; sufficient however now-a-days for a working power.

British Royalty is again in Scotland, where we hope the Queen will be as popular and enjoy herself as much as formerly; but we heartily wish that circumstances would justify her Majesty to visit Ireland; her presence there would be hailed with acclamation, and, we have some hope, would do great good.

### Fine Arts.

#### POWERS STATUE OF "THE GREEK SLAVE."

As we expected relative to the exhibition of this most beautiful work of art, so it turns out; the whole world of taste is on the *qui vive* to see it, and there is but one opinion concerning it, that it is one of the finest pieces of ideal subjects that was ever executed in any age; and so it is, for although an imaginative person might sit before it by the hour, and weave a thousand stories of it, each different from the other, and all applying to the subject before him, an unholy thought never has a chance of crossing the mind, an idea or sensuality is never called up, and the soul gets nearer to purity, the longer the subject is contemplated; and yet the figure is a female nude one the size of life, beautiful in proportions, features, and feminine loveliness, and a fair formed creation which almost speaks. The position and the face of the "Slave"—for we are bound to call the figure so, the manacles and the unclad figure proclaim it—would assure the gazer that she has recently become such, and that her mind and soul cannot be manacled, that her thoughts, though humiliating to herself, are able to flee far from her present degraded condition; and that though proudly submissive to a fate which she cannot prevent, there is something noble within, which nothing can enslave.

These preliminaries *must* be granted, in order to understand properly how the features, the general anatomy of the figure, the contour, the expression (and there is a very touching one) of the countenance, and the grand disregard which is shewn on her exposed and humiliated condition, can be possible, and which would hardly have been the case if she had been long in the state of slavery; and it is jointly the combination which is jointly the charm of the statue, and which says so forcibly of Power's taste, genius, feeling, principle—aye, and of *tact*—in bringing these, combined with play, in giving additional force to the entire effect.

There she stands, with her hand resting on the top of a post or pillar, which is about hip high, and on which are also suspended a finely wrought mantle, which she has put there, together with her cap. Her hair is all drawn back, and is gracefully knotted at the back of her head. The face is a Grecian one, nearly a straight line from the top of the forehead to the point of the nose, a short upper lip, a well-turned but not very projectile chin—the profile of the mouth has a very subdued and gentle smile of contempt on the condition in which she is by circumstances placed, and a grand superiority of soul that looks beyond them. There is a piece of chain with a manacle at each end, fastening her two wrists, and all the rest of her person is nude; and of the last she either does not seem conscious, or does not at any rate condescend to dwell. Then the anatomy of the figure—we do not profess to be nicely authorized in our judgment, but we have come to the conclusion that, difficult as the task is, to be to the point, it is faultless in this particular; and yet, such is the spirituality of the design that Powers has rather given personality to a Goddess than life to a "Greek Slave."

We have, since making our hasty observations on this piece of art, passed a little more time with it, and the longer we sat, the more it rose in our estimation. We no longer wonder that in the Roman Catholic Religion it is part of the *culte* to keep up the warm feeling of emotion by external objects done with care and skill, and bringing home to the heart the impression, firm and strong, as the effect intended to be deeply made. This piece of art says all, and more than all than Powers can say thereon, though, of course, not more than all that he felt when this charming design was in the course of creation at his *atelier*; and this and Murillo's "Spanish Flower Girl" are proofs to us that the design and its cor-relatives may grow on the soul, and become more and more valuable the more they are seen,

and may become more strongly impressed on the heart, the more often and seriously they are contemplated.

We have not said all that we have to say on this immortal work of Powers, but, with our readers' leave, we shall yet have to speak of it again, before we shall have physically to lose sight of it altogether.

### Music and Musical Intelligence.

*Havana Troupe—Castle Garden.*—This Operatic Company have had very good success here, and have well deserved it, for, "take it all in all," it is by far the best and best disciplined that has ever been here. The latest accounts state that they have made new engagements, by which they perform every night during a fortnight more, and that new and interesting music will be brought out by them, including some *opera comique*, and not the serious opera only.

N. B.—The Boston payers are alluding, in the most unqualified terms, to the performances of Mrs. Bishop in Boston, and they appear to be warmer in their praise of her than we in this city had courage to be.

### The Drama.

*Park Theatre.*—Mr. Forrest is playing an engagement here, and with abundant success. But his performances, at the time of the present writing, are not of a nature that hitherto we have had full pleasure in witnessing. On Monday he first appeared, in the present series, with the steady step of Tate's "Lear," and this we have sometime forsworn. On Tuesday he played Damon in "Damon and Pythias," and on Wednesday he played Spartacus in the "Gladiator." Now we do not witness these plays in any weather, but particularly when the thermometer is at 80 degrees. He plays "Richelieu" well, and in a style that is peculiar to himself, and when he comes to the play of the armed, it is worth observing. In the first cases mentioned, we do not think it is. We certainly must say that he does the Lear part of the play performed in a good artistic manner, but for the thousandth time we add that the play itself is such an insult to the talents of Shakespeare, that it ought not to be tolerated.

*Bowery Theatre.*—Mrs. Shaw makes so good a hit at this house (in fact she is the best living actress in America) that we doubt not the Manager was glad to induce her to repeat her engagement. She is chiefly playing in Sheridan Knowles' scenic comedy of "Slander."

*Foreign Theatricals.*—Jenny Lind is still in London. Her attraction is as great as ever, and the sale of tickets is stopped nightly. She was to appear three nights at Manchester for which she gets £1000.

Rachel had concluded her engagement in London and was playing at Manchester.

Chas. Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, and several other amateurs, recently performed in Manchester and in London.

Mrs. Butler appeared one night at the Princess' in the "Wife."

Rachel is going to Edinburgh. Jenny Lind also.

Mr. and Mrs. Kean will make their first appearance since their return at the opening of the season in Manchester.

Mr. Macready will open the season at the Princess' with Miss Cushman.

Mrs. Mowatt is engaged to appear at Manchester in the autumn. Mr. Davenport also.

Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris have taken the Lyceum for the next season—they have secured the best stock company in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Kean, Mrs. Nisbett, Miss Fawcett, Mrs. Glover, Farran, Ranger, the Keeleys, and others, were announced at the Haymarket for the next season.

Macready is to bring out a new play by Bulwer at the Princess'.

Mrs. Egerton the celebrated actress of the Theatre Royal, who for many years held a distinguished position among tragic performers, is dead. Mrs. E formed a portion of the Kemble school and was contemporaneous with Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, Mrs. Bartly, Mrs. Powell, &c., and her performance of Meg Merrels in Sir Walter Scott's dramatised opera of "Guy Mannering," will still be remembered by all the old playgoers.

On dit, that the charming actress Mrs. Nisbett will be led for the third time to the hymeneal altar by a young Scotch baronet.

### Literary Notices.

*The Union Magazine* for September, 1847: New York: Post.—This Magazine, which is edited by Mrs. Kirkland, well known in the world of literature, has abundance of good matter in it, with three fine plates, and a piece of music, the last by Miss A. Sloman. The work comes out punctually, and well deserves a large share of public patronage.

*Democratic Review* for September, 1847.—This work, prompt and valuable, is out in due season, and is well filled with good literary matter on various subjects. It has also a well executed copper-plate portrait of Mr. W. W. Wood. Mr. Kettell writes both with judgment and spirit, on miscellaneous subjects; his politics are, of course, out of our remarks.

*Scenes in the Comedy of Life*: New York: G. Dunigan.—This little work, which we have not yet had time to look into, is published by one who devotes his whole business time to the Roman Catholic cause, and we have no doubt it is a clever thing.

*Martin's Illuminated Bible*, No. 53: New York: Virtue & Co.—This very beautiful edition of the Holy Scriptures makes good progress, and is not in the smallest degree deteriorated in elegance from the earliest numbers. The present number contains a well-executed view of Mount Sinai. This edition should be in every family that happens to be without a copy of the Bible.



## Cricketers' Chronicle.

## MATCH BETWEEN THE MARRIED AND SINGLES OF THE HOBOKEN CLUB—PLAYED ON THEIR GROUND AUG. 30, 1847.

This was a kind of return match, in the first of which the singles were greatly the victors; in this return the married members had the best of it, but the game was not fully played out. We kept the score for the club but omitted to take a copy for ourselves—therefore the following is the best recollection we can make of it.

The play commenced about noon, the married parties going first in, and they made their score up to 101. This party were one short, and they were very ably made up by having in place thereof one of the members of the St. George's Club, of New York, who was the first in and the last out, and made off his own bat 37 runs this innings. The singles made but 63 the first innings. At the second innings the married made 66, or in the whole 167. The singles then went in for their second innings, and they made up to 50 the second time before sundown was called, 114 in all. We can hardly suppose that if there had been sunshine enough, the remaining bats would have made up what was wanting to win, being yet 64 runs short of the winning point, but the singles were playing well when the matter remained unfinished, and some of the married players were resolved not to come and finish the game at a future time. The probabilities in this exciting game were greatly in their favor; and so, we presume, the matter ends. But if the married players had their wanting man instead of the St. George's man who played in his place, and the singles had possessed two of their former players, instead of the two who played on Monday in their stead, we can fancy that the issue would have been different this time, and we must say that the batting of the singles was not good this last time; there were overthrows that were slovenly in the fielding of the singles, and the byes and wides were too numerous.

## BENEDICTS.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Roberts, b. Cuyp	37	b. Cuyp, c. Melville	7
Elliot, b. Cuyp, c. Melville	0	run out	0
Mott, b. Melville, c. East	6	b. Cuyp	4
James, run out	1	b. Melville	13
Wheaton, b. East	11	b. do	1
Greathorex, b. Cuyp	3	b. do	1
Nicholls, b. Cuyp	1	b. do	0
Le Gal, l. b. w., b. Cuyp	1	not out	3
Ireland, b. Cuyp	0	b. Cuyp	0
Richards, b. Bennett	9	b. do	0
Sutton, not out	7	b. do	7
Byes	16	Byes	20
Wide (Cuyp 3, Melville 6)	9	Wides (Melville)	4
Total	101	Total	66

## BACHELORS.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Bennett, b. Sutton	0	b. Sutton, c. Greathorex	0
Cuyp, b. Greathorex	2	b. Mott	20
Ranney, b. Sutton	0	b. Sutton	2
East, b. Nicholls	19	not out	7
Melville, run out	4	hit wicket	1
F. Tinson, b. Sutton	0	run out	12
Horton, b. Sutton	0	not out	2
Hayes, b. Sutton, c. Wheaton	16		
Godin, b. Nicholls, c. Richards	0		
Seabury, not out	7	b. Sutton, c. Greathorex	0
Hoffman, b. Nicholls, c. Sutton	0		
Byes	11	Byes	9
Wide (Greathorex)	4	Wide (Greathorex)	1
Total	63	Total	54

The match at Single Wicket between the celebrated players Winkworth and Sams, was played on the St. George's Club ground, on Wednesday, the 1st instant. The play was began a little before noon, Sams winning the toss, and putting himself in; the Game was entirely played in 2 hours; the following is the score:

SAMS.		WINKWORTH.	
First Innings, bowled	3	First Innings, caught out	3
Second do	16	Wides	2-5
	19	Second Innings, caught out	3
		Wides	2-5
			10

## TORONTO AND DARLINGTON CLUBS.

The month of August would seem to be especially ominous to the Toronto Cricket players, for scarcely has the fact of their defeat by the Hamilton Club ceased to be the talk of the town, than the Darlington Club come up and give them another "drubbing." So that those who found a pleasant amusement in finding fault with the Club for being defeated in the first instance, have met with an agreeable addition to their fund of censure in consequence of the present discomfiture. Perhaps we are wrong in attaching any consequence to the censures—out of place as they certainly were—which the Club have been subject to for not winning; but at the same time the Club cannot help feeling, notwithstanding all the discouragement shown by the City towards it, that, inasmuch as the game at Cricket has been kept alive in Toronto solely by their own unaided efforts, they had no right to receive blame from quarters where they had not met with support. Nothing is so easy as to find fault, particularly by inconsiderate people who look only to results without making any allowances for casualties—but the Toronto Club, we may remark, not having been in any way for the last two years encouraged, or hardly noticed by the community, might have been spared the kind inflictions which have been visited upon its reverses.

As we said in our last, we repeat again on the present occasion, that if Toronto desires or expects to have its Cricket Club to stand in and maintain a high position among the Clubs of America, the Community must come forward to encourage it, not only by attendance on the ground, but by those substantial evidences without which Cricket cannot be kept up with spirit. The relations between the Club and the community have been these, namely, that when the Club came off victorious, the community was perhaps rather glad than otherwise, it is true, but never so much as said a word of compliment or congratulation to the players—while now, that the Club have met with reverses, almost every other man one meets visits it with all manner of censure for not having won the game!

The defeat, however, sustained on the present occasion, can hardly be looked upon as otherwise than the result of unforeseen difficulties by which the Club was deprived of almost the half of its ordinary strength. By agreement, French, who lives on the Club ground, one of the best round-armed bowlers in Canada, a good bat and a capital field was "barred," that is he was not to play. Again, Messrs. Parsons (another capital round-armed bowler), Alexander (one of, if not the best, wicket-keepers on this continent), Heward and Helliwell (both well known for their excellent batting), together with two other good players, were unavoidably absent! Now, every one of these played against the Hamilton Club, and would be selected to play in any match Toronto might engage in; and as a matter of course, their loss on this occasion was fatal to the game. We should be sorry to disparage the Darlington Club, or say anything which should be considered, even by implication, to detract from the success which they have achieved. But, in justice to the Toronto Club, it is no more than fair for us to mention that, in meeting Darlington, it was shorn of half its strength, and consequently played under every disadvantage, some of the side taking bat in hand for the first time this season! In fact, the absentees were so numerous and of such account as cricketers, that we venture to assert an additional Toronto eleven could be mustered, exclusive of the eleven that played on Tuesday, who could play the Darlington Club with a fair chance of success:—so that, while we most cheerfully admit the Darlington players to have well won the game against the eleven which met them, we at the same time defend the Club from the too ready censures cast upon it by professing friends.

The Darlington Club play very well. Their bowling and fielding are steady and sure, and their batting is equally so. Mr. Holmes, in particular, played very well. The Toronto eleven, on the other hand, did not field either steady or sure, and in proof, it was often seen that the Darlington bats made the run where the Toronto men could not; and that the Darlington bats scored twos and threes, where the Toronto players could only get ones and twos. There was, of course, some good play, both with the bat and in the field, on the part of the Toronto; but as a whole it was not of that description which might have been expected. The weather was very propitious, and the day's play was thoroughly enjoyed by all parties. Between the Innings the contending parties and their friends partook of refreshments provided for them in the Club Saloon; and we hope that this will not be the last friendly meeting of the kind. As a matter of course, indeed as a point of honor, the Toronto Club are bound to play the return match on the Darlington Ground; and so soon as the arrangements are settled, we shall not fail to notify the public. The following is the score, by which it will be seen that Darlington won in one Innings, with one run to spare.

## TORONTO CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Smith, b. Sutton	0	c. Robinson, b. Odell	0
Hitchman, c. Holmes, b. Sutton	0	b. Odell	1
Madison, b. Sutton	4	b. Odell	3
Maddock, b. Sutton	3	not out	4
Lord Malden, c. Bayley, b. Sutton	4	b. Odell	0
Patrick, b. Cubitt	5	run out	0
Barber, b. Sutton	11	b. Odell	1
Barwick, c. Bayley, b. Cubitt	7	run out	4
Fitzgibbon, run out	1	c. Stephens, b. Odell	6
Brown, b. Sutton	0	b. Sutton	8
J. Barwick, not out	2	b. Odell	0
Byes	6	Byes	5
Total	43	Total	32

## DARLINGTON CLUB.

T. Sutton, b. Lord Malden	0
Frederick Cubitt, b. Smith	3
Bayley, c. Fitzgibbon, b. Lord Malden	4
Robson, leg b. wicket, b. Lord Malden	4
Holmes, c. Barwick, b. Maddock	21
Mosshead, b. Maddock	10
M. Odell, hit wicket, b. Maddock	10
J. Heal, stumped Barber, b. Maddock	0
D. Sutton, b. Smith	0
Brodie, c. Barber, b. Smith	0
Stephens, not out	8
Byes	16
Total	76

Darlington Club winning by one run in one Innings. Toronto Herald.

## HAMILTON vs. TORONTO.

The return game of this match came off on the beautiful ground of the Toronto Club, on Thursday last, (Aug. 19th,) and with the exception of occasional gusts of wind, against which it was rather difficult to bowl, the day was as fine as the keenest lover of Cricket could desire, the ground was well attended by gentlemen, but we must express our regret that the show of ladies on the occasion was very small, indeed with the exception of a few from our own good city, the exertions of the players could not be said to have been increased by their encouraging smiles. The wickets were pitched at eleven precisely, and on play being called the Toronto Club were put to the bat by their opponents, who had the choice of the Innings. Philpotts and Heward opening the ball, Sharpe and Habbins bowling, and after scoring seven, were caught out, the former by Hamilton at Long field on, and the latter by J. Sharpe at Long Stop. Maddock then went in, but his bats were soon disturbed by a rattler from J. Sharpe, and Barber the next man, after stopping some good balls hit his own wicket down. Parsons succeeded him, and was well caught from a well pitched ball of Habbins, by



W. Sharpe at Cover Point; in the meantime French had been playing steadily, and having added six to the score, carried his bat out, having had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the remaining wicket go down without troubling the scorers.

In this Innings the bowling and fielding of the Hamilton side was very much praised—the score against them only being 22, and many very excellent catches having been made. After a lapse of fifteen minutes, Wetenhall and Gillespie commenced the first inning of the Hamilton Club against the bowling of Parsons and French, and those who had the pleasure of witnessing and playing against their balls were unanimous in their opinion of the really beautiful and effective style in which they commenced to bowl, and continued through the whole game, better bowling is not often seen we venture to say even in England. One of French's bailers found its way off of Gillespie's bat into the hands of Barber at point, and one of Parson's loosened Wetenhall's timbers after his scoring four. Hamilton and Anderson then faced each other and were likewise served with notices to quit from Parsons after scoring, the former 3 and the latter 4. Hale and G. Sharpe then went in, and made some splendid play for a length of time, the former after an innings of more than an hour succeeded in making 21—a score, which against such bowling, fairly entitles him to the title he has acquired of being the finest and most finished bat in Canada; he at last had to succumb to Parsons, and Sharpe, having made 14 in good style, fell to French, and the remaining men after running up the score to 77 with byes and wide balls were bowled down, leaving their side victors in the 1st innings by 55 runs.

Mr. Snow had, with his usual foresight, prepared a sumptuous lunch on the ground, which was done ample justice to, and in half an hour, refreshed in their inward man, both sides turned out for the second innings, which were commenced by Heward and Barber being placed at the wickets, these gentlemen seemed determined to do their best in retrieving the game, but after some steady good play were separated by Heward being run out for six, and Barber was soon after beautifully caught by Anderson at Point.—Godfrey, the next man, was bowled by Habbin without a run, and the fact of three good wickets going down for nine, made the field overconfident; they received a check by Phillips scoring in fine style 17, among which were numbered divers twos and threes; he was caught by Habbin to one of his own balls, and the two next men, Maddock, after batting beautifully and making 4, and Parsons 5, received each a quietus from the same bowler.—French and Brown immediately after went in, and now was seen one of the best catches we ever witnessed on a cricket ground, we allude to that made by Gillespie at Leg, catching French out, much to his astonishment, who thought he was safe for at least 3. Patrick took his place, and Lord Malden took Brown's who was disposed of Habbin, and on reference to the score we see that these gentlemen made a splendid innings of 59 between them, receiving the hearty applause of the numerous spectators; they increased the score to such a number, that fears were entertained by many that the 34 against which the Hamilton Club would have to go in against—might prove too many for them, and in this however we are happy to say they were disappointed, and that after a fine game as has been seen for a long time, the latter Club won the game with two thickets to spare.

On this result, particularly with such a club as the Toronto, we must be allowed to congratulate and compliment "our own side," and express the wish that their first match having ended so favorably for them, will act as an incentive to future exertion and constant practice, so that they may retain the laurel they have succeeded in gaining. After the game the Club and their friends were regaled at a sumptuous dinner by mine host of the North American, at which nearly fifty sat down. W. H. Boulton, Esq., Vice President of the Toronto Club, in the chair, and G. A. Barber, Esq., Vice On such an occasion as a Cricket Dinner, we cannot be expected to remember all the witty things that were said, suffice it to say that the toasts were given in the usual happy manner of the President and Vice, and we can answer for the way in which they were responded to, until at last (alas that such meetings like all others must end) the party towards the winking hour broke up, and with three cheers for the noble game of Cricket, separated as all true Cricketers always do, with a cordial good feeling for each other, and a heartfelt wish that the day should not be far distant when another opportunity of the like nature would occur, to enable them to make another "Innings" together.

The following is the score:—

TORONTO CLUB.			HAMILTON CLUB.		
FIRST INNINGS.			SECOND INNINGS.		
Phillips, c. Hamilton, b. Habbin.....	5		e. and b. Habbin.....	17	
Heward, c. J. Sharpe, b. Hobbin.....	2		run out.....	6	
Maddock, b. G. Sharpe.....	0		b. Habbin.....	4	
Barber, h. w., b. Sharpe.....	3		c. Anderson, b. Habbin.....	2	
Parsons, c. W. Sharpe, b. Habbin.....	5		b. Habbin.....	5	
French, not out.....	6		c. Gillespie, b. Sharpe.....	9	
Malden, b. G. Sharpe.....	0		c. Sharpe, b. Hamilton.....	18	
Barwick, b. Habbin.....	0		b. Hamilton.....	1	
Brown, b. Habbin.....	0		b. Habbin.....	0	
Godfrey b. Habbin.....	0		b. Habbin.....	6	
Patrick, b. G. Sharpe.....	0		not out.....	21	
Byes.....	1		Byes.....	2	
Wide.....	0		Wide.....	3	
Total.....	22		Total.....	59	
HAMILTON CLUB.			HAMILTON CLUB.		
FIRST INNINGS.			SECOND INNINGS.		
G Sharpe, b. French.....	14		b. French.....	0	
Anderson, b. French.....	4		c. Brown, b. Parson.....	0	
Hamilton, b. Parsons.....	3		b. French.....	6	
Hale, b. Parsons.....	21		b. French.....	0	
Wetenhall, b. Parsons.....	4		b. Parsons.....	2	
Gill spie, c. Barber, b. French..	0		b. Parsons.....	5	
Beasley, not out.....	2		leg before wicket.....	5	
Habbin, b. Parsons.....	3		run out.....	0	
Bull, b. French.....	1		not out.....	5	
W. Sharpe, b. French.....	1		not out.....	4	
J. Sharpe, b. French.....	5		not out.....	6	
Byes.....	9		Byes.....	1	
Wide.....	10		Wide.....	1	
Total.....	77		Total.....	36	
Winning with two wickets to go down.			Hamilton Gazette.		

*A Ladie's Man.*—One of the Irishmen engaged in laying the gas pipes along Pine street, reached out his hand to a lady yesterday, and helped her over the ditch he was digging.

"I never thought ye were such a ladie's man, Michael," remarked another alongside of him.

"Faith thin I'm intitled to that same honor," responded Michael, "for I've got the third wife, and fifteen as beautiful childer as iver cleared off a dish of praties, an if that isn't good ividence of my bein' a raal ladie's man, be dad, I'll give up."

Michael certainly deserves the title.

St. Louis Reveille.

#### BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

##### A VEGETABLE AND UNIVERSAL MEDICINE.

*Ship Fever, Dysentery, etc., etc.*—May not all sickness be a deficiency of some vital principle of the blood? Or, may not certain conditions be necessary to enable the blood to become the recipient of oxygen, so that its discarbonizing power shall be sustained in full vigor? It is probably the want of these influences may be the occasion of "Ship Fever," and all fevers of the Typhoid character; and of Cholera Morbus and Dysentery diseases generally. In fact it may be only modifications of these same influences, which occasion all other diseases; showing the great probability of the unity of disease. The people should think of these things.

In "Ship Fever" the pulse ranges from 45 to 55 beats in a minute, and sometimes lower still; in such a state of the circulation, there must be constantly accumulating those particles which are analogous to those found in the dead body. And in all cases where the circulation is impeded, or where from any cause the blood is prevented from throwing off the usual quantity of carbon, we find that a Dysenteric stage supervenes, the bowels in these cases endeavoring to do the work of the lungs. Instead of straints, nature should be assisted in endeavours to cleanse the system, and the blood, of these retained impurities. And unless this course is followed, there is no other condition for the body but death. It is in circumstances like these, that the "Brandreth Pills" are so important; because of their vitalizing qualities; because of their purifying powers; because, while they cleanse the system, they impart life; because they go at once to the seat of the disease and produce just the kind of action the body wants to strengthen and to save.

It may not be unwise to go into an inquiry respecting the originating causes of these contagious maladies. During the putrefaction of animal and vegetable bodies, certain substances are generated which act as deadly poisons to man; especially to the Caucasian, or white-skinned family of mankind. The exhalation or vapors from swamps, from grave-yards, and from all putrefactive material, and from large congregations of living beings confined in a small space for a considerable period, are known to hold in solution *sulphuretted hydrogen*. This gas is so deadly in its nature that one part only to five hundred parts of atmospheric air, is destructive, is *instant death*, to a white man. And herein is, perhaps, the reason of the great mortality to the white-skinned race on the shores of Africa. The time may not be distant, however, when an antidote may be used in the shape of Brandreth's Pills, and an outward application to the skin, which shall render the absorption less, nearer to what it is in the negro, which shall make those shores no more fatal than our own prairies to the pioneer of the West. Three or four hundred men are congregated in the hold of a ship, where thirty or forty only ought to be. The first effect is a want of vitality in the air; the second effect and a consequence of the first is, that exhalations arise from these now diseased human beings, which is charged with, say one part of sulphuretted hydrogen gas in two thousand parts of atmospheric air. The third result is a consequence of the two first; it is low fever, in those whose vital powers are weakest, and the causes continuing, the fever puts on a more decided typhoid character, until the peculiar symptoms seen in Camp, in Gaol and Ship Fevers, are fully established.

To prevent this disease on board ship, there must be less people congregated together; and greater care must be had to ensure cleanliness and thorough ventilation. Chloride of lime should be provided by the ship owners, which should be sprinkled about the hold daily.

*Particular Symptoms of Ship Fever.*—Lowness of spirits, foreboding of some calamity; pain in the small of the back; pain in the head; vertigo, and occasional vomiting; heavy pain on the right side extending upward to the nipple; the skin hot and dry; belly bound; stools, if any, dark color; tongue furred, sometimes mahogany colored; teeth covered with sores; great thirst; pulse from 40 to 55. These symptoms are the same as in Typhus Fever, except that the pulse in the latter is sometimes as high as 120 beats a minute in the first stage.

*The Cure.*—So soon as any of the above symptoms show themselves, immediately take four or six of Brandreth's Pills; they must be taken every few hours until they purge freely, and afterwards once or twice a day till the stools are of a natural color and odour, and the tongue clean. The pulse will be raised by this course and the strength improved. The same directions are applicable to dysentery, whether alone or a consequence of Ship Fever. In all dysenteric cases, or where the bowels are much affected, let gum water be drunk often. In this complaint, and in Ship Fever, and in all diseases in which Brandreth's Pills are used as the medicine, drink boneset, balm, catnip, or sage tea. These may be drunk cold or hot. Cold always when preferred. Toast and water is also very good. It is important, however, that some of the above teas be drunk.

In cholera morbus and dysentery, or cholice, when there is great pain of the bowels, take two or three pills every few minutes with peppermint water, mint tea, or even brandy, until an operation is evidently procured from the pills; afterward the pain will soon moderate. And in a few hours, so great a change for the better will have taken place, as to be the occasion for great cause of thankfulness. The pills should be taken afterward every night for a few nights, say three or four going to bed, until health is fully restored.

*A Prevention for all Contagious Diseases* is found in Brandreth's Pills. For this purpose they should be used in doses sufficient to purge freely once or twice a week. They cleanse that out of the system on which the very miners of the contagion fixes itself. The bowels and blood are thus kept pure; Brandreth's Pills are truly the safety valve of Disease.

*Free of Charge.*—"Vegetable Purgation," a pamphlet of 18 pages, is given to all who will call for it, free of charge, at Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office, 241 Broadway, New York, where the Pills are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions. Also, at 274 Bowery, 241 Hudson st., N. Y.; Mrs. Booth, 5 Market street, Brooklyn; 45 Atlantic street, South Brooklyn; James Wilson, Jersey City; J. S. Kenyon, Harlem; E. Wisner, corner Broad and Commerce streets, Newark; J. F. Randolph, New Brunswick, N. J.

N. B. There is no surity that you get Brandreth's Pills unless you purchase only of the duly authorized Agents.

Be careful of counterfeit Pills. All persons should be careful to purchase at Dr. Brandreth's office, or of the regular appointed agents. They would thus ensure themselves the genuine article, otherwise they may get a counterfeit, as a new one has recently been offered in this city

[Aug. 21]

#### PIANOFORTE, SINGING, ETC.

A LADY eminently qualified, is desirous of teaching a few more pupils on the PIANO-FORTE and in SINGING; also the GUITAR. Pupils taught at their own or her residence. Terms moderate. For particulars, apply at No. 147 Chambers street.

MUSIC.—A LADY, possessing a full Soprano voice, is desirous of obtaining the situation of FIRST TREBLE in a Church. Apply, by note or personally, at No. 147 Chamber street.

[Aug 14—1m]



## YOUNG LADIES' SCHOOL.

MRS. BAILEY will re-open her SCHOOL for the reception of BOARDING AND DAY PUPILS on Tuesday, the 7th of Sept. Parents are requested to enter their daughters punctually, as the classes will then be organized for the ensuing year.

The plan of this institution, which has been established for sixteen years, offers high advantages to those who may wish their daughters to receive a systematic and accomplished education. The course of instruction adopted is extensive, thorough, and purely inductive, gradually developing principles that are to form the moral and intellectual character of the pupil, while the physical education meets with that attention which its importance demands. The situation of the house is eminently healthy, and convenient to several lines of omnibuses, — it is a spacious, elegant, and commodious building, affording a large number of apartments for the lodging, study, and recitations of the Young Ladies.

There are several courses of Lectures given during the year on Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, and English Literature. The best instructors are employed for the French, which is taught daily, to all the classes, and is spoken in the family. Terms for the other Languages, Painting, Music, etc., will depend upon those of the Professors.

The Scholastic year is divided into four Quarters, commencing on the 7th of Sept., 23d of Nov., 13th of Feb., and 1st of May; but Pupils are received at any intermediate period. For Terms, References, etc., apply to

MRS. BAILEY,  
10 Carroll Place, (Bleecker st.)

## PRIVATE CLASSES IN FRENCH.

A. BASSET, PROFESSOR OF FRENCH AND LITERATURE, will organize his Evening Classes in French on the 9th inst., or thereabout, at his residence, 364 Broadway, entrance in Franklin st. His method of teaching will relieve the Pupil of two hours study on each lesson. The construction of the language compared with the English, will be given without studying rules, exceptions, notes, etc., etc. For farther particulars, on application, it will be explained.

The Members of the Mechanics' Institute will be received on the usual terms, by showing their certificate.

## A CLASS FOR LADIES IN THE AFTERNOON.

Those who wish to join a Conversation Class, will find one already formed. N. B.—AN EVENING CLASS FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, is already formed at 101 East Broadway, for those who live in that vicinity, at the residence of Dr. Breed.

Sept. 4—6t

NATIONAL LOAN FUND  
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF LONDON.

"A SAVINGS BANK FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHAN."  
(EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.)

CAPITAL £500,000, sterling, or \$2,500,000.

Besides a reserve fund (from surplus premium) of about \$185,000.

(Part of the Capital is invested in the United States)

T. LAMIE MURRAY, Esq., George-st., Hanover-square,

Chairman of the Court of Directors in London.

UNITED STATES BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS—(Chief Office for America, 74 Wall-st.)—New York—Jacob Harvey, Esq., Chairman; John J. Palmer, Esq., Jonathan Goodhue, Esq., James Boorman, Esq., George Barclay, Esq., Samuel S. Howland, Esq., Gorham A. Worth, Esq., Samuel M. Fox, Esq., William Van Hook, Esq., and C. Edward Habicht, Esq.

EDWARD T. RICHARDSON, Esq., General Accountant.

Pamphlets, blank forms, tables of rates, lists of agents, &c. &c. obtained at the Chief Office 74 Wall-st., or from either of the Agents throughout the United States, and British North American Colonies.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent

for the United States and B. N. A. Colonies.

New York, Sept. 5th 1847.

## EDUCATION.

REV. R. T. HUDDART'S CLASSICAL SCHOOL will be re-opened, after the Summer Vacation, on Monday, September 6th.

TWO YOUNG LADS, from the age of 14 to 18, will be received as Private Pupils and Boarders. Terms may be known on application, either personally or by letter, at

22 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET,

Aug. 21—4t

## TO LITERARY GENTLEMEN.

WANTED A PARTNER, either active or special, in a long established Literary Institution of high character. To any one having a capital of Five Thousand Dollars, this opportunity of investment presents advantages not often to be met with—references of the most satisfactory nature will be given. The profits will be from 25 to 30 per cent., and may be increased to much more. For particulars as to information where an interview may be had, apply, if by letter post-paid, to "Socius," at the office of the Anglo American—or to A. D. PATERSON, the editor of the same.

[Aug. 7-4t]

MAXIMILIAN RADER, 46 Chatham Street, N.Y., Dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. LEAF TOBACCO for SEGAR Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco constantly on hand.

July 7-1y.

SWIMMING BATH, DESBROSSES ST.; CROTON BATH, ASTOR HOUSE;  
SWIMMING BATH, BATTERY.

The above Baths are now open. War water is a healthful stimulant; it at once makes clean and strong, and those who use it will recognize its excellent influence in freedom from physical weakness and mental depression. Physicians are unanimous in commending it as alike purifying and health-promoting; and differing from their usual custom, as regards large doses, not only prescribe these Warm and Cold Baths for their patients, but actually take them themselves.

July 17.

## LAP-WELDED BOILER FLUES.

16 FEET LONG, AND FROM 1 1-2 INCHES TO 5 INCHES DIAMETER,

Can be obtained only of the Patentee.

THOS. PROSSER,

April.

28 Platt Street, N. Y.

## EYE AND EAR.

DR. POWELL, Oculist, Aurist, &c.

261 Broadway, cor. of Warren-st.

ATTENDS EXCLUSIVELY to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, from 9 to 4 o'clock. STRABISMUS or Squinting cured in a few minutes.

ARTIFICIAL EYES inserted that cannot be distinguished from the natural Eye. Spectacles adapted to any defect.

DR. POWELL has just published a popular Treatise on the Eye, with Engravings, 8mo., paper 50 cents, muslin 75 cents, comprising a familiar description of the Anatomy and Physiology of the organ of vision. Rules for the Preservation, Improvement, and Restoration of sight. Remarks on Optics and the use and abuse of Spectacles, with directions for their selection. To be had at the Author's, and of all Booksellers.

May 22-3m \*

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, August 3d, 1847.—To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York: Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE.—A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICT.—One Senator for the Third Senate District, consisting of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Wards of the City of New York; One Senator for the Fourth Senate District, consisting of the Seventh, Tenth, Thirteenth and Seventeenth Wards of the said city; One Senator for the Fifth Senate District, consisting of the Eighth, Ninth and Fourteenth Wards of the said city; and One Senator for the Sixth Senate District, consisting of the Eleventh, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth Wards of the said city.

COUNTY.—Also the following officers for the said City and County, to wit:—Sixteen Members of Assembly—One to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours, respectfully,

N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, August 8th, 1847.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided.

J. J. V. WESTERVELT, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Stat., vol. 1, chap. 6, title 3, article 3d, part 1st., page 140.

[Aug. 14.]

## FLOWERS, BOQUETS, &amp;c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, corner of Broadway and 28th street, N. Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. BOQUETS of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N. B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order Gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places, by applying to Wm. Laird.

Ap. 20-tf.

## PHRENOLOGISTS AND PUBLISHERS,

FLOWER & WELLS,

131 Nassau-st. N. Y.

May 15th.-tf.

## PRESERVE YOUR HAIR

WHILE you have it, it is too late after it has fallen off—(the advertisement of Emperic's to the contrary notwithstanding.) The Medical Faculty recommend Camm's Spanish Lustral Hair Preservative as the best article yet known for that purpose. A. B. & D. Sands are the Agents in New York.

N. B.—None genuine without the name of T. W. CAMM blown in the bottle.

[Jy 10-1y\*]

## THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED.

THE MANUAL OF CRICKET.

COMPRISING the Laws of the Game, some account of its history, and of the progressive Improvements made therein, Directions and Instructions in the Practice and Play of the manly and athletic Exercise, and suggestions as to Variations and Applications of it, so as to afford satisfactory recreation to small numbers of players. The whole being intended as a complete Cricketer's Guide. With numerous Illustrations, Embellishments, and diagrams—By Alex. D. Paterson.

By way of appendix to this work, there will be added the body and everything important of "Felix on the Bat."

N. B.—Booksellers will be supplied on reasonable terms, by applying to Berford & Co. Astor House, Broadway.

## JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE Subscriber is constantly receiving fresh supplies of every description of the above well known popular Pens. A large stock is constantly kept on hand, consisting of patent, Maum Bonum, Damascus and double Damascus barrel Pen; Principally, each extra fine, fine and medium points; Calligraphic, (illustrated cards). Peruvian, New York Fountain, Ladies' Patent Prince Albert, Queen's Own, Baronial, Victoria, and School Pens, on cards and in boxes of one gross each. Together with an excellent article for School use, the Collegiate Pen and the Croton Pen, (on illustrated cards and in boxes,) which possesses strength, elasticity, and fineness of point, admirably suited to light and rapid hands. Very cheap Pens in boxes; holder of every description; all of which are offered at low rates, and the attention of purchasers are solicited, by

HENRY JESSOP, Importer, 91 John-st. cor. of Gold

Oct. 3-tf.

LAMPS, GIRANDOLES, HALL LANTERNS AND CHANDELIERS.  
DEITZ, BROTHER & CO.

WASHINGTON STORES, No. 139 WILLIAM-ST.

ARE MANUFACTURING AND HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND, a full assortment of articles in their line, of the following descriptions, which they will sell at wholesale or retail prices, for cash:—

Solar Lamps—Gilt, Bronze and Silvered, in great variety.

Suspending Solar, do. do.

Bracket Solar, do. do.

Solar Chandeliers, do. do., 2, 3 and 4 lights.

Suspending Camphene Lamps; Brackets do do

do. do. do.

Camphene Chandeliers—2, 3, and 4 lights.

Girandoles—Gilt, Silvered and Bronzed, various patterns.

Hall Lanterns—Various sizes, with cut or stained glass.

May

## LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

LEFT-OFF WARDROBE AND FURNITURE WANTED.

THE highest price can be obtained by Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to dispose of their left-off wardrobe and furniture. By sending a line to the subscriber's residence, through the Post Office, it will be promptly attended to.

J. LEVENSTYN, 466 Broadway, up-stairs.

Ladies can be attended to by Mrs. J. Levenstyn. Jly 4-1y.

## CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

THE CANADA HOUSE.—The subscriber, in expressing his obligation for the very liberal patronage he received during the preceding summer, begs to inform the Public that "THE CANADA HOUSE" is again OPENED by him, for the reception of Visitors; and he most respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage. He assures them that he will spare no pains to add to their comfort, health, and recreation.

Since the close of the last season, the house and grounds have undergone many important alterations and improvements, which, it is hoped, will add to the comfort and convenience of Visitors. The Dining-room has been considerably enlarged, and the Bar removed from the house.

The Subscriber is happy to state that MISS MURRAY, whose attention to visitors is so well known, will still remain at the Springs.

The Caledonia Springs present the great advantage of a variety of Medicinal Waters, acknowledged by the most eminent of the Faculty to be, each of their kind, unrivalled in their efficacy for the cure of diseases, and invigorating qualities.

The Salt and Sulphur Baths are in full operation, from the use of which the most extraordinary benefits have been derived.

The Stages will leave Montreal every Morning, (Sundays excepted) and arrive at the Springs in the Evening.

The charges at the Canada House will be the same as last year, namely:—

By the Month - - - - - \$6 0 0

By the Week - - - - - 1 15 0

By the Day - - - - - 0 6 6

June 12—[31s]

H. CLIFTON.

## BOGLE'S HYPERION FLUID,

FOR PROMOTING THE GROWTH AND EMBELLISHING THE HAIR, STANDS unrivalled; and is now the only article used by those who value a good head of hair. It is alike efficacious in exterminating scurf and dandruff; and the beautifying lustre it gives to the hair, ensures its success at the toilet of every lady of fashion. For further particulars see pamphlet, containing certificates from some of the most eminent physicians, &c., to be had of his agents throughout the United States and Canada, among which are the following:—

AGENTS.—E. Mason, Portland; W. R. Preston, Portsmouth; Carleton & Co., and J. C. Ayer, Lowell; B. K. Bliss, Springfield; D. Scott, Jr. & Co., Worcester; J. R. & C. Thornton, and Dr. Cadwell, New Bedford; R. J. Taylor, Newport, Mass.; A. B. & D. Sands, 100 Fulton St., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. Y.; E. Trevel & Son, Poughkeepsie; G. Dexter, Albany; Dr. Hiemstreet, Troy; T. Hunt, Auburn; Wm. Pitken, Rochester; G. H. Fish, Saratoga; Tolman & Williams, Syracuse; L. Kelley, Geneva; E. S. Barnum & Son, Utica; Wm. Coleman, Buffalo; Seth G. Hance, Druggist, and William H. A. Myers, Hair Dresser, Baltimore, Md.; J. W. Kneeland & Co., 127 Canal St., New Orleans, La; and other places.

A Treatise on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Hair, with directions for preserving the same, &c., accompanies each bottle of "The Hyperion."

WILLIAM BOGLE,

First Premium Ventilating and Gossamer Wig Maker, No. 225 Washington St., Boston.

Jy 10-1y\*]

## CUMMINGS'

SCHOOL OF DRAWING AND PAINTING,

No. 591 Houston street, (adjoining St. Thomas' Church.)

Will re-open on Wednesday, the First of September.

DAY AND EVENING CLASSES FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

In Rudimentary Drawing, Painting in Oil and Water Colours,

Drawing and Painting from the

ANTIQUARY CASTS AND LIVING MODELS.

[July 24-6t]

## J. CONRAD,

FIRST PREMIUM BOOT MAKER,

No. 56 Market Street and No. 5 Ann Street,

June 19\*1y.]

NEW YORK.



### SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.

#### FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, VIZ :

*Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obsolete Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Pusules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Ascites or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders.*

THE value of this preparation is now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It is approved and highly recommended by Physicians, and is admitted to be the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice. It is not local in its operation, but general, extending through the whole system. It neutralizes the poisonous elements in the blood, and restores a healthy tone to the organs which generate that fluid.

It is put up in a highly concentrated form for convenience and portability, and when diluted according to the directions, each bottle will make six times the quantity, equal to one quart, and is then superior in medicinal value to the various preparations bearing the name.

New York, April 26, 1847.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen:—Having long been afflicted with general debility, weakness, loss of appetite, &c., and receiving no benefit from the various remedies prescribed, I concluded about three months since to make use of your Sarsaparilla. I now have the pleasure of informing you that its effects have been attended with the happiest results in restoring my health, and am induced to add my testimony to the many others you already possess of its merits, and to those desiring further information, I will personally give the particulars of my case, and the effects of this invaluable medicine, by calling at 280 Bowery, New York.

JANET MCINTOSH.

J. S. SPENCER.

This is to certify that Miss Janet McIntosh is known to me as a member of the Church, in good standing, and worthy of confidence.

Pastor of 2d Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn.

Still further proof of its value and efficacy in a severe case of Rheumatism. The following was handed to our Agent at Kingston:

Kingston, Canada West, June 16, 1846.

I hereby certify that I have been afflicted with Rheumatism of the most painful kind for nearly four years. When severely attacked I suffered the most intense pain, sometimes commencing at my stomach and then quickly changing to my head, back, and other parts of my body. I have had most of my teeth drawn, because of the torture experienced from the pain which settled in them. I could not sleep at night, and obtained but little sleep during the day. I applied to various physicians, but received no benefit, and was given up by the as incurable. At last, when every thing else had failed, I was shown an advertisement for a medicine called Sands' Sarsaparilla, which I thought would suit my case. I immediately procured a bottle, and to my unspeakable joy it produced almost instant relief. I continued to use it, and have now taken six bottles, which has effected almost a perfect cure. I would most earnestly recommend all who suffer from a like affliction to use this valuable medicine.

SARAH ANN ECCLES.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of Agents gratis.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, corner of William, New York.

Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; Chas. Brent, Kingston; S. F. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Bickle, Hamilton; Elliott and Thornton, Dundas; and by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle. Six bottles for \$5.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sands' Sarsaparilla that has been and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject; therefore ask for Sands' Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

### ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, DICTIONARIES, ETC.,

FOR SALE BY E. BALDWIN.

1. The Encyclopædia Britannica. Edited by Prof. Napier. Seventh Edition. 21 vols. 4to., half Russia.
2. The Encyclopædia Americana. Edited by Francis Keiber. A New Edition. 14 vols., bound in sheep.
3. The Penny Cyclopædia, and Supplement of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. 16 vols., half bound in Russia.
4. The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. Now publishing in London in Monthly Parts. Parts 1 to 5 already published.
5. The Cyclopædia of English Literature. Edited by Wm. and Robert Chambers. 2 vols. 8vo., cloth.
6. The Farmers' Library, and Cyclopædia of Rural Affairs. Edited by Charles Knight. Illustrated with Colored Engravings. Parts 1 to 4 published; to be continued monthly.
7. Dictionary of Dates and Universal Reference, relating to all ages and nations from the Earliest Account to the Present Time. Third Edition; to which is added a copious Index of Leading Names. By Joseph Haydn.
8. A General Dictionary of Painters, containing Memoirs of the Lives and Works of the most Eminent Professors of the Art of Painting. By Matthew Pilkington. A New Edition, revised and corrected, by Allan Cunningham.
9. Illustrations of British History, Biography, and Manners, during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, and James I. By Edward Lodge. 3 vols. 8vo., cloth.

For sale, (Wholesale and Retail.)

July 17-46.] BY EDMUND BALDWIN, 155 BROADWAY, cor. of Warren st.

### WEST'S PATENT RANGES.

THE Subscriber having made extensive improvements in his Ranges during the last year now offers them to the public as the most complete in the market. Each Range having six holes for pots, &c., and two ovens, which cannot be surpassed by any brick oven in use, in fact, they are partly composed of brick; in front roasting can be carried on in the best manner. The back of the range is fitted up with a water-back for heating water for baths, washing, &c., &c., and, upon the whole, it is the most complete arrangement ever got up for cooking.

Copper Boilers made under the subscribers personal superintendence, and finished with great care, will be warranted to be superior to boilers usually sold for such purposes.

Utensils of all kinds, for all patterns of ranges, constantly on hand, or made to order.

WM. WEST, 133 Hudson St., New York.

### THE PLUMBE NATIONAL DAGUERRIAN GALLERY.

251 BROADWAY, UPPER COR. MURRAY ST.

Instituted in 1840.

### TWO PATENTS GRANTED UNDER GREAT SEAL OF THE U. S.

AWARDED THE GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS, FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS, AND TWO HIGHEST HONORS, at the NATIONAL, the MASSACHUSETTS, the NEW YORK, and the PENNSYLVANIA EXHIBITIONS, respectively, for the MOST SPLENDID COLOURED DAGUERREOTYPES, AND BEST APPARATUS.

Portraits taken in any weather in exquisite style.

Apparatus and Stock, wholesale and retail.

Instruction given in the Art.

July 25-46.

### TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION, AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE OFFICE.

PASSAGE FROM, AND DRAFTS TO, ALL PARTS OF ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. Persons wishing to send for their friends, in any part of the Old Country, will find the subscriber's arrangements for 1847, most complete, and calculated in every way to ensure satisfaction to all who may make arrangements with them to bring their friends across the Atlantic. The subscribers are agents for

### THE NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

QUEEN OF THE WEST - - - 1300 tons. ROSCIUS - - - - - 1200 tons.  
LIVERPOOL - - - - - " SIDONS - - - - - "  
HOTTINGER - - - - - " SHERIDAN - - - - - "  
ROCHESTER - - - - - " GARRICK - - - - - "

The above magnificent packets are all new York built ships of the very first class, built expressly for the Liverpool passenger trade, and fitted up with special regard for the comfort and convenience of passengers; they are commanded by men of experience, and are not surpassed for speed by any ships afloat. Their sailing days from Liverpool are on the 6th and 11th of every month, on which days they leave punctually.

In addition to the above splendid ships, the subscribers are also Agents for the ST. GEORGE'S AND THE UNION LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS, composed in part of the following favourite and well-known ships, viz.: "The America," St. George, Empire, St. Patrick, Rappahannock, Mazzion, Sea, &c., &c., which, together with the new line, make six ships per month, or one every five days, from Liverpool; thus preventing the possibility of delay at that port. Passage from any part of Ireland to Liverpool, can be secured at the lowest rates. Every information given by applying to

W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT, 86 South-st.

3d door below Burling Slip.

Drafts supplied for any amount from £1, upwards, payable throughout the United Kingdom.

Feb. 37.]

### LONDON LINE OF PACKETS.

To sail on the 1st, 8th, 16th and 24th of every Month.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following Ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from NEW YORK on the 1st, 8th, 16th and 24th of every month, from LONDON on the 6th, 13th, 21st and 28th, and PORTSMOUTH on the 1st, 8th, 16th and 24th of every month throughout the year, viz.:

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	May 8, Sept. 8, Jan. 8	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1
St. James,	Isaiah Pratt,	16, 24, 16, 24	8, 16, 8, 16
Toronto,	A. T. Fletcher,	24, 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	16, 24, 16, 24
Switzerland,	Dan. Lee Stark,	8, 16, 8, 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Mediator,	J. H. Williams,	16, 24, 16, 24	8, 16, 8, 16
Quebec,	E. E. Morgan,	24, 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	16, 24, 16, 24
Victoria,	W. K. Bradish,	8, 16, 8, 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Independence,	G. Moore,	16, 24, 16, 24	8, 16, 8, 16
Hendrick Hudson,	C. Chadwick,	24, 1, Dec. 1, April 1	16, 24, 16, 24
Wellington,	E. G. Tinker,	8, 16, 8, 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Margaret Evans,	P. R. Meyer,	16, 24, 16, 24	8, 16, 8, 16
Prince Albert,	J. M. Chadwick,	24, 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	16, 24, 16, 24
American Eagle,	Dan. Chadwick,	8, 16, 8, 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Sir Robert Peel,	H. R. Hovey,	16, 24, 16, 24	8, 16, 8, 16
Westminster,	R. L. Bunting,	24, 1, Jan. 1, May 1	16, 24, 16, 24
Gladiator,			8, 16, 8, 16

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of Cabin passage is now fixed at \$75 outward for each adult, without Wines and Liquors. Neither the Captains nor Owners of these Packets will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. Apply to

JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st. N. York.  
GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N. York.  
BARING, BROTHERS & Co., in London.

My 24-46.—Aug. 7.]

### NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO SAIL from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
SHERIDAN,	F. A. Depeyster,	Sept. 26th	Nov. 11.
GARRICK,	B. I. H. Trask,	Oct. 26.	Dec. 11.
ROSCIUS,	Ass. Eldridge,	Nov. 26.	Jan. 11.
SIDONS,	E. B. Cobb,	Dec. 26.	Feb. 11.

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the City of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

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Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements not in their names of the Liverpool Packets, viz.:—the ROSCIUS, SIDONS, SHERIDAN and GARRICK. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them.

My 24-46.

### NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Waterloo,	W. H. Allen,	Mar. 11, July 11, Nov. 11.	Apr. 26, Aug. 26, Dec. 26.
John R. Skiddy,	James C. Luce,	Apr. 11, Aug. 11, Dec. 11.	May 26, Sept. 26, Jan. 26.
Stephen Whitney,	C. W. Popham,	May 11, Sept. 11, Jan. 11.	June 26, Oct. 26, Feb. 26.
Virginian,	F. P. Allen,	June 11, Oct. 11, Feb. 11.	July 26, Nov. 26, Mar. 26.

These ships are of the first class, their accommodations being unsurpassed for room, elegance, and convenience. The reputation of their Commanders is well known, and every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of Passengers and the interests of Importers.

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ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South Street.

### NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 6th and from LIVERPOOL on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing falls on Sunday the Ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day, viz.:

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton,	H. Huttleston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6.	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.
Patrick Heary,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6.	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6.	Apr. 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
Henry Clay,	Ezra Nye,	Apr. 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6.	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to  
CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool.

### OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE OLD LINE OF PACKETS for LIVERPOOL will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz.:

Ships.	Masters.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Oxford,	S. Yeaton,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	16, 16, 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Monteruma, new	A. W. Lowber,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	16, 16, 16
Fidela, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	16, 16, 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe,	E. G. Farber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	16, 16, 16
New York,	T. B. Cropper,	16, 16, 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	16, 16, 16
Yorkshire, new	D. G. Bailey,	16, 16, 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

These Ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their Cabin accommodations or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The Commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outward, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of Wines and Liquors, which will be furnished by the Stewards if required.

Neither the Captains or Owners of these Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co. 4 South-st., or  
C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y., or  
ARING, BROTHERS & Co. Liverpool.

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